THE LIVING AGE.

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THE LITTLE PRAISES.

Let others praise Thee in the height,
With Holy, Holy, Holy!
I praise Thee as the cricket might,
A chirping voice and lowly.

Thou for Thy saints hast wrought great things,
The angels chant Thy praises;
But I, as the grasshopper sings,
Low down among the daisies.

A cricket at the meadow's edge
That chirps and is not quiet,
Thou hast given me a field, a hedge,
And dew and daisies by it.

Some praise Thee for Thy heaven revealed,
Thy glory's far above me;
My heaven is in a green grass field,
A child, a man, to love me.

Oh, not one day of all my days
Without Thy gift went over,
My heaven is in the ordered ways,
The meadow grass and clover.

If a day brought me care and sighs
What comfort followed after!
O, still my tears rise for Thine eyes
And for Thine ears my laughter.

Still was my shade dappled with sun
And still my sun had shadow,
And with glad eyes I gazed upon
The hill, the grass, the meadow.

Oh, not Thine angel, not Thy bird
Singing Thy praises clearly,
But a little voice on the green grass sward
That thanks Thee late and early.

Katharine Tynan.

The New Witness.

SIC TRANSIT.

Can this be Death?
I—did not know
That Death could be so kind—
I feared immeasurable woe—
A choking—horrid fight for Breath—
A rushing of the Wind.
But—over there,
What strange clear Light
Is breaking through the darkened skies?
Whose hushèd Prayer
Divides the solemn pauses of the Night?
What form is it that flies
And brings to me an unguessed Peace,—
Undreamed—unknown!
Lips pressed upon the racking pain?
With what unutterable gain
Of rest and cease,—
I go to face
The Hidden Grace
Of God—alone.

Eily Esmonde.

The Outlook.

THE FORGOTTEN THINGS.

We have forgotten our friends the stars
And our mother the moon,
How the north wind under the stars
Danced to a scrannel tune.

We have forgotten our love the sea
And our neighbor the earth;
How we curbed the wrath of the sea
With our spoils of death and birth.

Our new mistress has yellow eyes,
Long fingers quick to hold;
We call her Beauty, we praise her eyes,
Her name is Gold.

Ethel Talbot Scheffauer.

CHIMES.

Brief, on a flying night,
From the shaken tower,
A flock of bells take flight,
And go with the hour.

Like birds from the cote to the gales,
Abrupt—O hark!
A fleet of bells set sails,
And go with the dark.

Sudden the cold airs swing
Alone, aloud,
A verse of bells takes wing
And flies with the cloud.

Alice Meynell.

THE WELDING OF THE EMPIRE.

The history of self-government within the British Empire is an inspiration to the student of the world's progress. There has never been an experiment such as is attempted by Great Britain —that is, autonomous self-government, and a federation of autonomous self-governments under a monarchy. No analogies could be found for such constitutional developments in the Assyrian, the Grecian, the Roman, or the ancient German Empires; and it is not strange that our experiment should have been attended by mistakes—in the case of our American colonies, by shattering mistakes of policy; in the case of our later colonies like Canada and Australia, by mistakes of administration, having their origin in the belief that wisdom had its home in London, and that the man on the spot, being untrained, must be protected against himself.

The original attitude was a curious contradiction. The Home Government was slow—as in the case of Canada—in granting Responsible Government, but, conceding it, practically said good-bye to the colony which had really set up an establishment all its own. It was as though self-government meant an exit from the Home Circle and an absolute separation, though the constitutions granted gave no freedom from the final authority of the Mother Parliament and the Crown. Yet the wisdom shown by the British Government in the Quebec Act of 1774, which defeated the narrow purposes of the new Puritans settling in Canada after the Conquest, and secured to the French civil and religious liberty, definite and indefeasible; which permitted the Roman Catholic clergy "to hold, receive, and enjoy their accustomed rights and dues with respect to such persons only as shall profess the said religion"; which made French civil law permanent though establishing English criminal law, was no doubt the means of saving the British position on the American continent. Through it the French remained loyal during the American Revolution, and from the seeds sown there sprang the shoot which grew to be the giant tree of confederation.

The problem of union was one of the first which confronted the British in Canada after the Conquest and after 1776—the problem of getting two races in territories scattered and differing combined for purposes of government. It was attempted between 1759 and 1791, but after that Canada became two provinces. In 1841, however, it was found necessary to attempt union again after Lord Durham's monumental and enduring report, which everyone must still read if he wishes to understand the ABC of colonial self-government. Its half-success was due to the fact that the two provinces, Quebec and Upper Canada, represented the jealousies and old prejudices and suspicions of two races competing for predominance in one State, and they could not shake themselves free from these influences and memories. They were too near their past experiences. Confederation solved that problem by yielding up to a central government composed of four provinces, three of which were English, the larger executive and legislative power. It has worked well; for though the British are so vastly in the majority in the Dominion House of Commons, the French hold the balance of power, and union and federation became a success in our monarchical system, and laid the foundation for a still greater and still more necessary Union—the Union of the nations under

the British flag for Imperial purposes, with delegated executive powers.

It is not certain that, if the ideas outlined by Mr. Disraeli in 1872 at the Crystal Palace had been carried into effect, the problems which now confront us would have been solved, but they might have been made vastly easier. In an oft-quoted passage from a speech which played a great part in focussing Imperial sentiment in Australia, he said: "Self-government, in my opinion, when it was conceded, ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied with an Imperial Tariff, by the securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the Colonies themselves. It ought, further, to have been accompanied by some representative council in the metropolis, which would have brought the colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government."

Whether Disraeli was right or not in detail, it is now unnecessary to inquire. An Imperial Tariff would probably not have been workable. Also it is probable that no colony would have accepted self-government if it was not to own its lands. It would, no doubt, have said: Let them be a gift or let us remain as we are. Much, however, may still be said for a defined responsibility for defence, since that responsibility, while it has existed as a moral obligation through generations, has been ignored until late years, and is not yet adequately recognized. Lastly, if there had been a representative Advisory Council in London since the middle of the last century, we should probably have at the present moment some form of Imperial federation. Our experiments now have to be attempted on a much larger scale, with greater risks and with consideration for complicated conditions due to the immediate magnitude of the interests involved. But here we are roaming in the region of speculation; and we must deal with things as they are. If it was a mistake to grant self-government without laying down conditions and obligations, all that is lost is time; because common sense, justice, and moral responsibility are not dead, but living in the Oversea Dominions; and we can still do in a larger way what ought to have been done in some form long ago.

To give coherent authority and reciprocal functions in a constitutional union of Britain and her oversea dominions and dependencies is the greatest problem of modern times. If it is solved, the destinies of nations will probably be affected more powerfully than by the solution of any other problem within our vision. The question whether the United States will, by force of circumstances, ultimately be the directing power on the continent of America below the 49th parallel could not have such consequences to the human race as would come from the constitutional union of the British Empire with an effective administrative machine and a working Imperial policy.

There are those who would ask why the United States control should stop at the 49th parallel, and why Canada should not be part of that possible American federation. The obvious reply is to point to the Reciprocity Election of 1911, which was fought less upon reciprocity than on nationalism and freedom from an apprehended domination, whatever its form, by the American Republic. So far as eye can

see, Canada is not likely to change her mind on this matter. But the day is probably coming when the confederation of the British Empire, if accomplished, will be followed by some form of federation for all English-speaking peoples; and all men will then look back on the year 1776 as the beginning of the salvation, and the first act of consolidation, of the English-speaking race.

The astonishing and significant rise of Japan from Oriental obscurity into a great Power, with its accompanying national ambitions and commercial and industrial organization; the steady development of China, its growing release from mediævalism, and its political emancipation, attended by certain hazardous elements; the awakening of Turkey; the ominous stir among the Mohammedan races; the emergence of a sectional but crafty and disintegrating ambition among the subject colored peoples of India and the East since the taking of Port Arthur; the shifting of balances in Europe, owing to the natural but disturbing movements of German national forces, with the accompanying ambition for a world-wide Empire and markets controlled by German products; the increasing wealth and aspirations of Italy; and the widening reach of Russian power in South-western Asia: all these are the comparatively fresh factors of a new generation, and as events unfold themselves it may be found that some world-crisis will bring together in a loosely-organized but practical working affiliation the British Empire and the vast Republic of the United States with its hundred millions of people. "If it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all."

The history of the world has many examples of the impossible made possible by national cataclysms, while apparently defying the natural processes of evolution and logical progression; and if there is anything which experience teaches, it is that where the finger of fitness points towards a goal, it is merely reactionary and the act of the prematurely aged or the pusillanimous to cry *non-possumus*. The finger of fitness often points along a path which is not the path of logic. If one were to judge of the logic of the human race by the great numbers of people who see clearly the insurmountable obstructions in the paths of progress, it might be assumed that logic is the most outstanding quality of the mind of man. The fact is that the obstructions are obvious, and the pessimists and the logicians see them because of their obviousness and say *No Thoroughfare*. They will not go round them, they will not climb over them, they will not try to remove them; they camp on the roadside and shake their heads; or they point backward to the path of logic —which every nation that ever climbed to power and national efficiency has forsaken at some time or other, grimly persisting when fate, and even heaven itself, seemed to have declared against its passionate purpose.

To mention one such country and one such logician as I have indicated above, consider for a moment the recent history of Canada and Mr. Goldwin Smith. How irrefutable was Goldwin Smith's logic when, over a whole generation and something more, he pointed out with all the authority his mental power, international reputation, and unmatched literary skill could give, that for Canada to seek to preserve her position independent of the United States was folly and futility. There were (when he first began to preach his gospel of national despair) under four millions of people in Canada and over fifty millions in the United States. Canada had not a single transcontinental line of railway, and the fruitful, abundant, prairie country which appeases the

hunger of the world was "a wedge of the great American alkali desert." Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan "a wedge of the great American alkali desert"! Where were all the wise men, the scientific men, the devoted Imperialists, the burning lovers of race then? Here were great regions under the flag which, to secure initially, to build up, added vast sums to the national debt of England; yet all the places of learning, all the offices of Government, all the wide-eyed scientists accepted without a protest, without saying, "Let us first investigate; let us make sure; let us prove what there is," the ignorant dictum which would wipe off the slate of a country's resources, of an Empire's assets, a region destined to carry fifty millions of people, feed them, clothe them, house them, enrich them, and to be a reservoir of financial profit, a granary for the world, a new home for those who in their hundreds of thousands are crowded out of their home lands.

Goldwin Smith was perfectly logical when he said that the natural gravitations of trade on the American continent were north and south, not east and west, so far as Canada was concerned. Whatever the bleak and unvaried north could produce—timber, grain, ore, dairy products, cattle—should, in the nature of things, be exchanged for southern products, cotton, sugar, fruits, manufactures. It was stupid, said the expatriated adviser of Canada, that railways should run east and west, when railways north and south would meet all the needs of the sparse population of the Dominion. Yet while he preached this doctrine, the United States was putting forward every effort to complete and extend her transcontinental transport, in order to facilitate exchange from the east to the west—not the southern-west with the eastern-north, but the northern and middle west with the northern-east, whose products were as similar as the products of British Columbia and Montreal. The United States herself, for national purposes, defied the laws of logic, and proceeded to build railways through States which had little or no population, which were apparently barren and poor, like Colorado and Dakota, or arid and grainless like Arizona and Nevada.

Goldwin Smith said that by the laws of gravitation Canada should be drawn into political and commercial and national affiliation with the United States; that her trade must go north and south, not east and west; and that if she disregarded his warnings and his counsel, she would be a bankrupt little colony with no future, and so remain until the United States took the decision out of her hands.

It seemed for a while as though he was right. When the United States abrogated the Reciprocity Treaty in 1856, which had given Canadian raw products an open market, a shiver of dread passed through the forlorn provinces. Scattered and unorganized, with what is called "a block of ice" in the form of the Province of Quebec between the Acadian peoples of the Maritime Provinces and the United Empire Loyalist folk of Ontario and the West, with British Columbia distant and apparently isolated as much in feeling as geographically, they saw, at first, only commercial starvation ahead of them, and a slow, steady pressure which would force them into union with the United States. It was the ice-age where Canadian national sentiment was concerned—as though the glacier of denationalization would slowly obliterate the hopes and independence of an unfortunate people. But the fit of gloom was only for a moment. Great men like Sir John A. Macdonald, George Brown, and Sir George Cartier stepped to the front of the dispirited army and showed the way to complete

emancipation from the peaceful but deadly commercial dominance of the United States. While below the border the free market of their raw products had been taken from them, and the American farmer had more than adequate protection from the Canadian agriculturist, the American manufacturer made of Canada a slaughter-market for the products of his factories. Living was cheap enough in Canada then—so cheap that (to be paradoxical) it was of an intolerable dearness. In order to buy cheap food there must be money, there must be wages; and since the northern farmer had been denied his "natural" market in the south, and since American manufactures controlled the Canadian warehouses, where were the wages to come from, and how was the cheap living to be a boon and a blessing? Living is always cheap in the poorest countries, and the standard of life is always low. In those days, and even as late as the 'eighties, a professional man in Canada was counted well-to-do if he was making two thousand dollars (£400) a year, and an ordinary citizen was lucky if he had a thousand dollars a year. And meanwhile Canada was pouring her best young men by their thousands yearly into that country which, giving her cheap cottons, gave her hard times.

The first step towards stopping this terrific national leakage was Confederation—the union of provinces which had no communication, save in the east, and which were hardly awake to their destiny, and certainly did not see the commercial and industrial glory and success awaiting them. A national spirit was made manifest when a Coalition Government, which included leaders of opposite parties like Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, George Brown, and Alexander Mackenzie, administered the country immediately after Confederation. The Coalition Government did its work well. A national spirit was begotten, and then the natural and expected cleavage into two great parties took place, and provincial policies were relegated to the local legislatures, which became breeding grounds for Dominion statesmen. Eleven years after Confederation—that is, in 1878—there was put forward by Sir John A. Macdonald—"John A.," as he was familiarly and affectionately called by all parties—a "National Policy," which established a defensive and protective tariff for Canadian industries of all kinds. This was the reply to 1856—to the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty by the United States.

This National policy was inevitable. It was the sure sequel to Confederation, and the two together were the real beginnings of the movement for the federation of the Empire. It would have been impossible to bring into any kind of constitutional union the separate States of Australia, of South Africa, and Canada, together with New Zealand and Newfoundland, as they existed before 1867. Quite apart from the difficulties in the way of proposing an arrangement which would be satisfactory to a great number of States, it was clear that Canada, Australia, and South Africa must, in any case, have Central Governments to deal with their own national questions as they defined themselves in the course of their progress, leaving to local legislatures the control of purely local matters. It was necessary to establish national units on the three continents of America, Australia, and South Africa before the way could be cleared for an Imperial policy which would include defence, international arrangements, maritime regulations, inter-immigration, and any attempt at uniformity of laws like those of nationalization, marriage, &c. When, in the 'eighties, the Imperial Federation League was

formed, with Lord Rosebery as its chief orator and leading spirit, though an Imperial Parliament was talked of and discussed, there was really nothing more in the movement than a vague but sincere feeling that something should be done which would secure the coherence and the constitutional *rapprochement* of the Motherland and her oversea dominions. The work of the League did not fail. It aroused the Empire to a sense of what it possessed and what was its destiny; to a knowledge also of what the big difficulties were; to a grasp of the separate questions of union belonging to each possible constituent of the Imperial Federation before any scheme could be devised, before the formulæ could be evolved which would lead to the solution of the world-wide problem. That there was a good deal of high talk, of rhetoric, of flag-wagging in the progress of the movement, goes without saying. Every leader of a new movement shouts louder than his case warrants, but he must shout in order to attract attention. It is the enthusiasts at whom the world jeers, who make the sober practical work of construction possible to the real builders. The mining engineer follows the prospector, and the prospector who shouted that Eldorado had come is forgotten; but he did his work, and it was indispensable work. There was a time in the history of the United States when its Federationists and Imperialists were scolded or jeered at, called visionaries and sensationalists, as the career of Alexander Hamilton shows. So it was with the Imperial Federation League and the movement it represented. It played its part as the herald of an idea which yearly became more practical, till at length it took very striking and very profitable forms. It suddenly was translated into co-operation for defence in the time of the South African war, when Australia, New Zealand, and Canada sent contingents to the support of the Motherland, offering a practical illustration of what might be accomplished by a definite alliance or scheme of union under a super-Parliament or Council of Empire. The precedent had, however, been set many years before this, when the New South Wales Government, on the suggestion of the Rt. Hon. W. B. Dalley, who was a member of the Ministry of the day, sent an Australian contingent to reinforce the British troops in the Soudan at the time of the rebellion of Arabi Pasha. The demonstration of 1900 was, however, a universal thing. Australia, New Zealand, and Canada all sent contingents, and gave needed support to the arms of the Mother-country in the field, but, more important still, they provided a moral support which was not lost upon the nations of the world, and demonstrated that the Empire was no mere name, but a significant reality, a reservoir of force from which could be drawn unending vitality and a vast reserve of strength. It was the first time that Canada had sent help in arms and men to the support of England. More was done then to make possible the co-operation of the Oversea Dominions with the Home Government and its people than had yet been accomplished, and it is to be doubted whether the significance of the event is even yet fully recognized. One-third of the population of Canada is French, and the French Canadian had never really shared in the pride or the purpose of Empire, though such men as Sir George Cartier had splendidly realized the future and the duty of the present. It was a happy accident—or was it providential?—that the Prime Minister of Canada at the time of the South African war was a French Canadian; for in sending a contingent to South Africa, with the assent and co-opera-

tion of the French Canadians—French Canadian officers and men were included in the detachment—a precedent was set which can never be repudiated. The contingent would have been sent if Quebec had not given her tacit consent, but it would not have represented Canada as a whole. The contingent did stand for all Canada, and it was due to the fact that, for the first time in the history of the Confederation, a French Canadian was Prime Minister. Confederation could never have been a real thing until a French Canadian had come to this position, and when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in 1896, assumed the Premiership of Canada, the seal was set upon Confederation. All things had worked together for good so far as the Empire was concerned in that crisis in its history. Expensive and terrible as the "Boer War" was, it brought the union of the British Empire nearer, and it taught the slow-thinking, unimaginative people of the British Isles what had been dimly—and for the first time—seen at the Jubilees of Queen Victoria in 1887 and in 1897, that there were growing up young nations under the Union Jack which, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier said, "must come closer together or drift further apart."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was, and is, one of the most powerful factors in the *rapprochement* of the British peoples and the younger countries of the British Bund, and whatever his critics may say—and they have said a good deal—the Empire and Canada owe him a great debt, which history and posterity will pay. It is said that he was driven into sending the Canadian contingent to the South African War. If it were so, I for one care not. He did it, and men should be judged by their actions. In doing it, he carried the French people with him, and it remains to his credit in the ledger of the British Empire. The Battle of Chateauguay proved the loyalty and prowess of the French Canadians and their determined devotion to their own liberty and freedom secured to them by the British people, by the constitution which protects their rights, and the flag which is its symbol. Canada was made safe by French valor at the Battle of Chateauguay, and de Salaberry is a name honored by all those who care for country more than for those differences which language, racial origin or religion can create. The Battle of Paardeburg represented another and a larger security. It represented the security of the peoples of the Empire, to which the British people and the Constitution gave that autonomy of government, that democratic self-control, which, centrifugal in its action as it seemed, resulted in a centripetal movement, by which the outer nations wind again towards the centre, making a power which could never have been secured if an attempt had been made to control the Empire from the centre at the start. South Africa is now a union under the flag, and the two races there are working out their common destiny together, not without grave difficulty, but not with hopeless apprehension; and a Dutch military commander who fought the British with inveterate courage in 1900, is Prime Minister of a British confederation or union in 1913.

In 1911 there were a Dutch and a French Prime Minister of British confederations in which the British population were in the majority—and in the case of Canada in a great majority—and while this advances the cause of unity in the smaller nations under the flag, it helps the progress towards Imperial Union and the welding together of the separate States which owe and pay a free and voluntary allegiance to the Mother-State. If it was indeed fortunate that a French-Canadian was Prime Minister of Canada when the

South African War came upon us and co-operation in defence became a living factor, it was equally fortunate that the way to closer commercial union was opened by a Government the head of which was of French origin. The demonstration of Imperial co-operation which was shown, however, when Australia and New Zealand offered Dreadnoughts to supplement the British Navy, and Canada through its present Government did the same, though the Canadian Senate has rejected the proposal, is far more significant than anything which has occurred in the course of our development as an Empire. It is established at last by Canada that it owes a duty to the Empire as a whole, and that it means to fulfil it.

Preference to the manufactures and products of the British Isles was given in 1896 by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government in Canada, and it was done with the assent of the French Canadians. It is now a principle embedded in the financial system, not of Canada alone, but in the financial systems of Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, which not only give preference to the products of the Motherland, but also to each other. This, also, is to be set down in the ledger of the Empire to the credit of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. That this preference seemed endangered—and in my view was gravely endangered—by the Reciprocity policy which drove Sir Wilfrid Laurier from office, does not alter the fact that Imperial Preference, leading to a closer commercial union which would make constitutional and legislative union more possible, is an established principle everywhere, and with every Government in the Empire, save in Great Britain, where the present administration does not yet find it possible to give preference to the oversea dominions even in those things which are taxed by a Free Trade tariff. That Sir Wilfrid Laurier believed Reciprocity would not weaken the bonds of Empire, nor lessen trade with the Mother-country, there is every evidence for believing. For at the very time when this Reciprocity business was producing a crisis in Canada—and the Empire—he was putting forward for the first time in Canada's history a naval policy intended to contribute to the defence of that Empire, to give it greater strength, to share its burdens.

The significance of this action on the part of Sir Wilfrid Laurier should be noted. There was always good reason to believe that he thought a Navy for Canada superfluous, and that even the protection of the British Navy was not needed. It is doing no injustice to his career or reputation to say that he very slowly grasped the fact that a Navy existed not only for territorial defence but for trade protection, as a trade insurance, and as the visible instrument of that power which could secure a nation from trade embarrassment and even trade tyranny and the usurpation of position. To the United States a powerful Navy became indispensable so soon as she began to export largely. The security of her Far Eastern and her Southern markets depended on her ability to sustain her national position in distant waters by this instrument of her executive authority. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Government tardily but finally awakened to the fact that trade-routes and trade terminals require protection, and that open doors in neutral markets may be shut by the differential hand, if a Government has not steel-clad plenipotentiaries to prove its earnestness to those who would invade its commercial advantages or opportunities.

It is not difficult to imagine such a situation. If, one day, Russia should, in the plenitude of a restored and ex-

tended naval power and military strength, come to an alliance with China, and, in return for her support, require preferential treatment of Siberian wheat, what could Canada, with a wheat market in China, do to assert the principle of the open door if she had no Navy of her own and no British Navy to be weighed in the balance of influence? Imaginary as the situation is, it is not impossible. It is essential, therefore, to Canada, either that she build her own Navy to stand for her interests, or she must, in honor, contribute to the Imperial Navy. The problem is there, and it is a problem for the Empire as well as for Canada. If Canada settles it effectively and adequately, the way to Imperial union will be open, the welding will really have begun, because, till two years ago, the Dominion held aloof from any participation in naval responsibility. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy at length embodied itself in the proposal for a local Navy which would be inside, not outside, the scheme of Imperial naval strategy and allocation of naval units in different parts of the world. It was in tune with what Australia accepted at the Conference of 1911 held in London to consider this question of the Dominions' co-operation in defence, with the difference, however, that Canada required a modification of the Admiralty proposals for a naval unit only on the Pacific side, by breaking the unit in two parts and having one section on the Atlantic side—a concession, no doubt, to political necessity, and bad, indeed, so far as that is concerned and so far as naval advantage goes. This scheme of local navies for the oversea dominions had these enormous advantages: it was calculated to breed a naval spirit in the Dominion—for people are inclined to take a more real and practical interest in what they are directly responsible for; it met the objection which had been raised—and was bound to be raised in more acute and ominous form as time went on—that money was being voted by Dominion Parliaments in the spending of which the Executive had no voice—an anomaly in democracy; and it did not rush the settlement of the question as to how the Dominions should be brought into an Imperial Executive in a super-Parliament, or in an Imperial Council which should have responsibility for foreign affairs and naval and military defence. The solution of that problem must not be forced. The present Government of Canada, however, decided not to continue Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy of a local Navy for the present, and meanwhile has put forward the proposal to present to the Imperial Navy three Dreadnoughts as a special contribution, not in substitution for any ships in the British programme, but in addition to that programme, to meet the needs of an emergency, and in an hour when British resources were being heavily strained in the desperate and unavoidable competition of naval armaments. The tremendous significance of this offer, which represents £7,000,000, can only be understood when it is realized that in all her history Canada has never contributed a farthing to the Navy which has protected her all her days. It was an attempt to wipe off a portion of a very large debt; and with the New Zealand gift of a Dreadnought, and Australia's assumption of responsibility for the building of a fleet-unit for the China and Australian seas, an object-lesson of British unity and power was given to the world.

Since the Laurier policy is in abeyance, nothing could have been better or more helpful imperially than this arrangement. Happily, when the Bill was carried in the Canadian House of Commons, no condition was made that there should be an immediate settlement of the constitutional question of

imperial union in a great council for all the Dominions of the King at Westminster. That this settlement must and will come there can be no doubt, but it must not be hastily attempted, in an impulse of imperial enthusiasm. Any responsibility subtracted from the supreme control over finance held by the British House of Commons, and assigned to a super-Parliament or Council administering naval and military and foreign affairs, with power to allocate to the several nations within the Imperial Bund the sums to be contributed by each Parliament for defence, would have dangers—perhaps only temporary—apparent to all who understand the temper of the British people concerning the House of Commons and its supremacy.

It is more than likely that these apprehensions will all be swept away in some day of crisis in the Empire, and even as, after the South African war, the minds of men all over the Empire saw that there must be Imperial co-operation and constitutional machinery which would make co-operation workable and effective as an instrument of Empire, so some great trouble—which Heaven forbid that we should invite! —will sweep away prejudices, and will turn to larger uses the jealous apprehension with which so many people view any modification of the complete authority of the House of Commons as it exists. And yet such a modification would only parallel what was done in the Transvaal when it yielded up its autonomous power over taxation and nearly everything else, in effect, to a Union Government, which included Natal, the Orange Free State, and Cape Colony. The analogy, of course, is far from exact, but it illustrates the solution; and I can imagine the people of the British Isles ultimately becoming as proud of, and as satisfied with, an Imperial Council or Parliament, including the best statesmen of the oversea dominions, taking all colonial defence and foreign questions away from hourly contact with the contentions of the town-pump, as they are now jealous of the prerogatives of the House of Commons, while ready enough, and sometimes with cause, to tell it that it has lost its influence and prestige and is no longer properly and completely discharging its duties to democracy.

So far, the only organ common to the whole Empire possessed by us is to be found in the Monarchy, which, as a link between the centre and the outer parts of the realm, was never so powerful as it is at present; to which may be added the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, whose legal authority has had a by-product of deep import in developing respect and reverence for the original source of Colonial constitutionalism.

The Imperial Conferences have their great and serious value, by bringing the Prime Ministers and other Ministers of the Empire together, and it is the beginning of a real organization; but the conferences are only advisory, and they have no authority, while even their debating powers are not complete. This would naturally be so where the findings of the Conferences have no further effect than their pious and laudable expressions of opinion, which may or may not find a place in legislation. They lead the way to a larger and more responsible instrument of authority and administration, and, it may be, of legislation; but they should not be credited with functions which they do not possess.

The subsidiary conferences like those recently held from time to time on education, copyright, defence, etc., are more decisively effective, since they focus deliberation for an immediate definite purpose which finds its way into administration and legislation. Both in regard to copyright and defence

these subsidiary conferences have been far-reaching, practical and useful, and they do a great deal in the way of organization of the Empire. More than all, however, in one sense, the Imperial Committee of Defence has found a real working ground for the pioneer work of empire organization; and its possibilities have not been exhausted. It will probably prove to be the nucleus of a great Imperial Council with large powers. Its working and the working of the Conferences have been associated with a really remarkable development of imperial co-operation by the summoning of representatives of the oversea dominions to meetings of the committees of the Cabinet, where foreign affairs have been freely and fully discussed and the Governments of the Dominions have been informed of the secrets of international relations and the workings of world diplomacy. This was inevitable if the Dominions were to understand completely the naval responsibilities of the Empire, and the wonder is that this obvious function was not sooner made vital and active.

But the effectiveness of all efforts towards imperial organization depends very much on Canada's solution of the naval problems. If she can compose conflicting views, and bring the French along with the British in a definite naval scheme, South Africa will follow, bearing her responsibility in some adequate form; though for a long time, no doubt, it will be by direct contribution. It is important, however, that Australia, New Zealand, and Canada should at no distant date accept the same form of co-operation, either by contribution of adequate sums of money on the basis of trade and trade resources and population or by local navies. For my own part, I believe that the ultimate solution will be the local navy, with obligations to and co-operation with the Imperial Navy duly defined; and when that is done, and if it is done, an Imperial Council of Defence, without control of finance but with advisory powers of no nominal kind, will lay the foundations of a real Imperial Parliament, as the Federal Council of Australia over many years prepared the way for the Commonwealth confederation.

Immense progress has been made in the last twelve years and in the most natural way—by a process of evolution. Canada has been a unit of government since 1867, Australia became a unit in 1901, and South Africa became united in 1909—Rhodesia excepted. That has simplified the Imperial problem enormously. Now the British Government, through the Colonial Office, has to deal with only three Governments instead of seventeen; and in relation to all foreign interests, to trade and maritime questions and all others of importance, the whole process of consultation, arrangement, and agreement is simplified and each Dominion speaks as one people. The advantage of this is immeasurable.

The first administrative federation or co-operation will certainly take place in the field of defence, and—of a consequence—foreign affairs, and from it will be evolved ways and means to machinery for a larger executive co-operation. That accomplished, and the British Empire rendered a fact and not merely a name, by an elastic, loosely-jointed, reciprocating union, with the principle of trade preference in operation everywhere, that other larger union will be in sight—and I think I may live to see it—the co-operative alliance of the British Empire and the United States together with all English-speaking peoples. It is a dream, but dreams come true, as the history of the British Empire has shown, as the history of the United States has shown since the day when

there were three nations with three Governments operating in the territory now controlled from Washington, to which was opposed an Imperial policy that at length successfully excluded Spain and France from the territory now represented by the forty-nine States, and the problem of half a continent was solved.

The welding of the British Empire will lead to the welding together of all British speaking peoples; and that will be a good day for civilization and for the world's peace.

Gilbert Parker.

The Fortnightly Review.

THE CROWD IN POLITICS.

If things go wrong with us, if we contemplate with equanimity a tunnel which shall join a defenceless England to a France, armed at all points, it is because we have handed over our Empire and all that it holds and means to the Crowd. We have made the Crowd our master, because we are afraid of responsibility. We dare not choose our governors, and no governor dare choose himself. Whatever is done we pretend is done by somebody else. It is the will of the people, cries the demagogue, when he is undoing the constitution. We obey our mandate, says the Minister, when he embarks upon a policy which he thinks will return him to power once more. And thus, while he takes the praise (if any) to himself, he shifts the blame on to the shoulders of the Crowd. For the sake of the Crowd, then, we are prepared to break with our honorable traditions and to see the Empire rent in pieces. For the sake of the Crowd we have raised altars to the incompetent; we have with a hopeless deliberation made up our mind to be governed by the greedy and the ignorant. Not only are the educated citizens of Great Britain not asked to govern; they are practically disfranchised. So all things have lost their values, and public measures are passed for private ends. There was a time when the purpose of finance bills was sound economy. To-day it is the popularity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer or a revenge taken upon a hostile class that determines the incidence of taxation. There was a time when the Courts of Law won and held a universal respect, when the one and only purpose of the judges seemed to be the administration of justice. To-day the judges, in the interests of a well-organized Crowd, are asked to conciliate their new masters. "It is unfortunate," said Mr. Churchill some time since, "that collisions occur between the Courts and the great trade union bodies." Those words, no doubt, may prove useful as vote-catchers, but they are a negation of justice; and if due attention be paid them, we shall presently sink to the level of Tammany Hall, and appoint judges warranted always to give their judgments in favor of the prevailing faction.

And the Crowd, as we see it to-day, is the strangest instance of governance that the wit of man ever invented. Although it is incapable of reason, it is told by those who live upon its favors that it engrosses the wisdom of all the ages. It has no civic virtues, no sense of patriotism. All that it says, all that it is told, is: We have the vote; what shall we get out of it for ourselves? And let it not be supposed that in thus condemning the Crowd we would condemn the individuals who compose the Crowd. There is something in a mob of men which does not belong to them, taken separately,—a violence, a wilfulness, which persuade them to do what

they never would have done, had they not been conglomerated into an insensate mass. The French Revolution will provide the curious with as many examples of the crimes committed by the Crowd as they could wish. When the blameless and kindly M. de Launay, Governor of the Bastile, was decapitated, the deed was done by a mere sightseer, who, breathing the spirit of the Crowd, committed a foul and purposeless murder, of which, by himself, he would have been wholly incapable. But the Crowd, tyrannical as it is, has one limitation: it wants to be led. It asks for some one who can impose upon it. It does not want great but well-advertised men. It adores the spectacular. Its prime heroes to-day are Mr. Sievier and Mr. Bottomley. So its leaders are seldom chosen from its own kind. It prefers to choose its figure-heads from the middle-class. Thus it avoids the small jealousies which impair its cohesion, and it gets (or thinks that it gets) a smattering of education. But the leader, if he is to be successful, must hide the fact of his leadership. He must affect to be an echo, not a voice, and even though ultimately he become a master, he must wear upon him all the marks of servitude. He need have no gifts save a certain sensitiveness, which helps him to respond quickly to the wishes of his masters, and to make their speech, when he fondly hopes that he is indulging his own eloquence. True eloquence, indeed, is useless to the leader of a Crowd. Robespierre, the worst and most successful of his kind, had nothing better to offer his lords than moral platitudes and gatherings from the Classics. Thus, as M. Le Bon has pointed out, the leader easily becomes the led, hypnotized by the Crowd, and convinced that every opinion contrary to his own is a superstitious error. Such was the fate of Robespierre. Such to-day is the fate of Messrs. George and Masterman.

Here, indeed, we discover the heaviest blow inflicted by the Crowd upon those who aspire to govern through its support. It reacts swiftly upon its so-called leaders, who are forced to sacrifice their principles to their profit, and who forget their country in the polling-booth. They no longer think it necessary to do what is right. Having shifted the responsibility of their actions onto other shoulders, they look no higher than their party's advantage. At the outset they may be educated gentlemen. A few years of tub-thumping turns them into insolent opportunists, who are willing to be elected to the House of Commons on a lie. A lie, indeed, serves their purpose better than the truth. The cry of Chinese Labor was a perfect cry wherewith to catch the Crowd. It had no basis in fact, and it was remote enough from actual experience to enthrall those who do not know where China is, and who hate labor, even in others, with a deadly hatred. But it served to put the Radicals in power, and was then instantly forgotten. For it is characteristic of the Crowd that it seldom troubles to see that its demands are satisfied. At the time of an election it will shout any nonsense which touches its fancy; and woe be to them who dare to repeat an old cry a second time, when the humor is passed! For the Crowd must have novelty at all costs, and that is why our demagogues confuse the art of politics with the invention of pictorial scandals.

And when these vast sacrifices are made to the Crowd, what can it achieve for the good of the country? Nothing. It cannot build—not even a house of sand. Its one talent is destruction, and we shall be fortunate if we pass through the stage of transition in which we are involved without the loss of our Empire. Meanwhile the

Crowd is all-powerful, and fondly believes that it is omniscient also. The gross flatteries which are heaped upon it daily are enough to turn its wooden head. And as our Radicals have discovered that all human virtue is concentrated in the purchase of Marconi shares, so also they have arrived at the conclusion that government by the Crowd, which they once accepted as a useful expedient, has its foundations in eternal wisdom and eternal justice. The Crowd can do no wrong; it speaks with the voice of truth itself. If for a moment it receives a check, the check is administered by ignorance and folly. When at a County Council Election the Crowd was out-voted by the middle class, that eminent demagogue, Mr. Masterman, himself an ornament of the middle class, declared that the effect was as though a man had been butted by a sheep. To such a pitch of subservience does the worship of numbers reduce our politicians! And when the Crowd desires a change of governors, as assuredly it will, for it is as fickle as it is foolish, will its present slaves still prostrate themselves in interested humility before its feet, and murmur still in the accents of a rapt adoration that it is all-wise and incapable of error?

We can understand the demagogue's worship if the Crowd, by which alone he lives and eats and breathes. It is not so easy to appreciate the passion of Mr. Lee,[1] whose book, "Crowds," is a prean sung to the glory of numbers. Mr. Lee does not appear to be a politician. He is, we believe, merely an optimist, who has studied Carlyle, Whitman, and all the worst models, in order to produce a rhapsody concerning Machinery and the Crowd. Three things are to him the breath of religion—Cathedrals, Crowds, and Machines, and he finds them massed together in full sight of his eyes at the foot of Ludgate Hill. He has a simple and touching faith in his kind. He believes in the inspired millionaire, who will have so small a thought of self that he will raise the wages of his workmen at the same time that he lowers the price of the commodity which he sells. To harbor such a belief as this is to go contrary to all our experience of millionaires, in whom the desire of gain grows apace to money-madness. But Mr. Lee neglects experience and the teaching of history. He is confident that what has never happened will presently come to pass. "I believe that men can be really great, that they can represent Crowds. I believe that Crowds can be great, that they can know great men." The past teaches us that great men can dominate Crowds, merely because they do not represent them. There was no Crowd, after the modern sense, in France, when Napoleon governed it. There was a vast body of men ready to do his bidding and to die for him on the battlefield. But it was not a Crowd: it made no attempt to enforce what it believed its wishes upon the Emperor, who drove it as a shepherd drives his flock, and found it intent only upon obedience.

And the achievement of Napoleon tells us clearly that we shall be saved from the ruin and the wreckage of the Crowd only by a military autocracy. Mr. Lee sees the Crowd increasing in power and influence, when it is nearer the truth to assert that the Crowd has reached its zenith, and will, before a generation is passed, be no more capable of mischief. And as Mr. Lee worships his Crowds, so he believes in the mission of machinery. Machines for him are not mere instruments to save time. They profoundly affect, he thinks, the brain and heart of man.

[1] Crowds: A Study of the Genius of Democracy, and of the Fears, Desires, and Expectations of the People. By Gerald Stanley Lee. London: Methuen.

In truth, they do, if we permit them to master us. If we remain their masters, they are but a means of progress or communication. It matters not a jot whether we travel from London to Edinburgh by steam or on horseback. What we do and say when we get there is the thing that matters. As for the telephone, it is devised for no other purpose than the making of money. There is no essential difference between it and a postcard, save a difference of speed. It is the enemy of talk and human intercourse. Yet, in Mr. Lee's eyes, it transforms the whole world. "My daughter," he tells us, "plays tag or plays dolls any minute she likes, with a whole city. She is not surprised at the telephone; she takes it for granted, like sunshine and milk. It is a part of the gray matter of her brain—a whole city, six or seven square miles of it. A little mouthpiece on a desk, a number, and two hundred little girls are hers in a minute to play dolls with. She thinks in miles, when she plays, where I thought in dooryards. The little gray molecules in the structure of her brain are different from those in mine." The molecules are the same; they are inherited from a long line of ancestors, and cannot be changed by anything so trivial as a change of habit. But the poor girl herself—what shall become of her? She has for a companion not a living, breathing child, but "a little mouthpiece on a desk"; she is doomed by machinery to find her playmates at a distance, to hear the travesty of a familiar voice, and not to catch the comment of a glance or the gesture of a hand. If this is what the childhood of another age will owe to machinery, the sooner we regain our sanity the better. Nor shall we regain this sanity until we put machines into the place of subservience which alone they may wisely hold, and abolish for ever the nightmare of crowds. "The thought came upon me," wrote Newman many years ago, "that deliverance is wrought, not by the many, but by the few; not by bodies, but by persons." Until this thought has come to all of us, there is no hope of wise government or of leisured happiness for the sons of men.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

CHAPTER VI.

A Hunting.

The next day Marsh House saw little of the Squire. He was up the moors, carrying broken hopes with him. Throughout his life he had held to the one creed—that, however rough and out of shape yesterday's wood-cutting may have been, a man can ply an axe about it to-morrow and trim it till it fits the next rung in the new day's ladder.

Faith stood far off from him. The moors were fragrant as of old; their landmarks were not afraid of the blue sky and the sun; but the Squire was afraid of many things. The sin he had sinned—for his wife's sake and the son's who was heir to long tradition—seemed mean, abhorrent now. He was not accounting to man for his deeds, but to the God who whips before he pours oil into the necessary wounds. No beggar in the parish was more forlorn than Squire Holt as he saw himself just now. It was the hour of repentance, which cleans the pages of a man's record—if the man be brave to meet his punishment—as rain washes muddy roads.

He was tired of body, sick at heart, when his travail up the moor was ended; and then, very sensibly, he went down the sheep-tracks in search of the wife who had shared many kinds of weather with him.

He found her at the gate of Marsh House, waiting for him; for there is no understanding that goes so deep as that of man and wife who have watched a man-child of their own grow up to shoot and hunt and wear a brave face to the world.

"What is your trouble?" she asked, bridging a day's surmise and fear by the one simple question.

"You here, Nell? I came seeking you."

"Where else should I be, my dear? I knew—oh, so much and so little—and I just waited till you came."

These two were not young lovers; they had earned the closer intimacy whose speech is brief.

They went into the house together; and the Squire asked, with a boy's directness and a man's intensity, what sins his wife could forgive him. And she answered impetuously, that she could forgive him all, save one—and even that she could forgive at last, but it would leave its scar until she died. He rallied then, glad to share his burden, and told her of the third legacy.

"Is that all?" she asked, with a sob of sheer relief. It was not that the news was good, but that, contrasted with the shameful might-have-been, it seemed almost a trifling matter.

"The child must come to live with us, Nell. It's hard on you—devilish hard—but it will pay a little of my debt."

"Nothing is hard. Nothing will ever be hard again," she said, coming close to him with frank surrender. "There are sins and sins, my husband—and I—begin to fall in love with you, I think. Life has seemed such a muddle lately, and now—it's all like a fairy tale come true."

The Squire left it at that, because he had never in his life presumed to knowledge of the moods that come to women—moods inconsequent as rain or sun on the passionate, big hills. But he was full of happiness, not knowing why. Deep under shame and trouble, his wife had found some hidden pool, whose waters had not been stirred till now. She had lifted years of degradation, hidden from man's sight, into a finer air where motives stood clear in the white light of judgment. Not again would the Squire look over-shoulder, whatever had to come. He was a man once more, with his courage walking free beside him, like a dog that trusts his master.

"Roger must know all," he said, by and by.

"He need not. He's younger than we are—younger to the things that nearly thirty years of married life have taught us. He would not understand. Leave it to me, my dear. I'm a managing woman, thought I happened to be born south of your lovable, queer moors. I shall tell him that the child is dependent on you, and that she comes to us of your free will—and mine."

"I'd rather face it out with Roger. We've had few secrets, he and I."

"My dear, this is a time for common sense. Let me guide you."

"It would be skulking, I tell you, I'd rather talk man to man with the lad I taught to hold a gun."

"Yes," she said, with the laugh that was charity's own, quiet, deep, and mellow. "You'd scare Roger out of his life, and leave him with the certainty that his father was a rogue. He doesn't know you as I do—I have the older knowledge."

"It was a sinning, wife, all the same—a big sinning," he said, all in the

blunt, forthright way that loathed dishonesty—his own or others.

"Yes, it was a sinning," she answered gravely, "but it was a sin, thank God, that I can share with you. We can halve the load. You sinned for me—for Roger—"

He glanced down at her, with humor and quiet acceptance of life as he knew it. "Nay, little wife, we cannot halve it. To each soul its own reckoning."

She knew that he was right, knew that he was a warrior, old and tired, who went out to necessary battle—battle of the soul against long odds—battle that has no music to play it into fighting line, no applause when it returns with conquest and with many wounds.

And then the grace of the man returned, the astonishing gift he had for homage to the things he had found worth while in life. He stooped suddenly and kissed her.

"Your breath's like lavender. It always was. Wife, I've my peace to make; but there'll be no loneliness again."

It was the miracle, old as the world, the miracle proved and attested by many witnesses since man and woman first learned that love, if it be love at all, goes always up the hills, not down into the swamps. These two were old in marriage. Life had battered them. They knew their neighbors and themselves, as folk prone to err a score of times every day. But, through it all, the Squire talked of lavender to his wife, as if he saw beyond the muddled present.

"My dear, you're foolish. I'm old and weather-beaten," she pleaded, young coquetry lurking in her glance —"and—and what would Roger say if he happened to come in just now?"

"The lad will not heed us, Nell, in a few months' time. He'll have his heart full enough of his own business when Cicely comes back. It makes me laugh when I think how that child will turn the moors into a battle-ground."

"Always that note," she laughed. "I shall never cure you."

"It will do the lads no harm, and they might fight for a worse lass than Cicely. Bless me, how she will turn them round her little finger! And Roger easiest of them all—he's so easy-going, wife."

Roger and Jack Lister had been afield together that day, hunting the shaggy murderer who was still at large. The dog they had nicknamed Red Ratcliffe, like all criminals, was following a strict routine of his own. He would come, at some hour when men were sleeping, would redden the green pastures that he visited, and would retire again to the untilled moors where only grouse and lavrock knew his lair. The thing was ghostly and abhorrent. Men, singly and in companies, had hunted diligently, and the red thief had gone wide of them as a puff of wind might do. So Jack Lister and his comrade had framed a plan of their own to-day—a plan well thought out, and one that showed intimacy enough with country-lore. Under the heat of a burnished sky they had tracked their game, and for reward they had found him, near to evening, in the wild country that lies under Bouldsworth Hill. He had heard their coming long since, for men never learn to tread quietly, even across the crumbling peat, as wild beast do; and he knew, to a nicety, the distance carried by a gunshot. Too much flesh-diet, and long immunity from capture, were persuading Red Ratcliffe that he could take many risks. He waited, from sheer bravado, till they were sixty yards away, rose sharply from the heather, yapped once at them, and then was away into the ruddy sunset glare.

Roger took sharp aim and fired, but

Lister did not. Even now, with their quarry so nearly within range, the difference of temperament was plainly marked.

"You might as well have fired at the moon," said Lister impassively.

"Yes," but we've stalked the beggar all to-day—it was not in human nature to let him go without a shot."

"You're impulsive. I'm saving my powder for the next time we meet him—a little closer."

They turned for home again, across the darkening moors. And Roger's temper, frayed by difficulties at Marsh House and by to-day's fruitless chase, snapped with a suddenness that surprised him.

"Jack," he asked savagely, "is that your real self? Haven't you any impulses? Is everything thought out beforehand?"

"Ah, now, you're riding the whirlwind again."

"No, lile Jack. The whirlwind's riding me. There's Phineas Oldroyd thriving yonder in the valley, and Red Ratcliffe prospering up here—both out of gunshot."

"Where's your pluck?" asked Lister presently.

"In my boots, to be honest."

The unrest of the times was on them both, and each showed it according to his habit. They said little as they crossed the wonderland that June makes of the heath when she spreads the night-time coverlet about her children. There was no sense of darkness about this dusk; there was only a lessening of light, as if a mother lowered the nursery lamp lest her bairns should sleep less soundly. Above the broken lands, there were gray-white splotches on the fieldscape, where the thorns were in full bloom, and a fragrance blew abroad. Here and there, underfoot, they heard the rabbits scampering to their burrows. It was a night profligate with all that reaches the heart of a man. The grace and strength of old-time summers were on these lands that had fought the winter and routed it; from the very bleakness that had gone before a beauty more matured, more sure of its own faith, had leaped to birth. The fragrance of the hawthornes was not of yesterday; the smell of the breeze came warm from journeyings among field-flowers and lush leafage; the night was singing many litanies to cheer wayfaring men.

They were in the mood, as it happened, to yield to the nature that is old in wisdom. Their frets and casual absurdities were smoothed away by a kind and velvet hand. They forgot the sweating mills, the dog they had failed to shoot to-day.

"Yes, I have impulses, Roger," said lile Jack Lister, finding speech at last.

Long after they had parted, he smiled at the confession. Roger guessed so little what lay under it. Perhaps Lister's devotion to his friend would have lacked the wholesome spice of humor if he had let his reserve break down a little more. Roger, to him, was a boy—a very big boy, certainly—who would always blurt out his feelings to the world. He had grit, but no silences when his heart was touched to love or anger.

Lile Jack, for his part, had no silences to-night as he went home by way of Kittling Ford; but then he talked with solitude, that keeps all secrets well. He, too, was waiting for Cicely's return, though he had not once confided to Roger, during these eighteen months of absence, that since she left the moorside there was something cold and empty even in the jolliest hunting days. For him, as for Roger, the tom-boy who was nearing womanhood was already the one magnet, pointing his thoughts constantly the same way, though the shifts of circumstance turned them roughly out of

course, this side or that, for a little while. He had no illusions about the matter; in his quiet way he knew that there would be Cicely to share his life, or no other woman.

He could afford to feel to-night, because nobody would know or care just what he felt. Like the scent of the summer's dusk the memory of Cicely returned to him—a girl-woman, fragrant and complete, who touched the meanest roads of life with warmth and color. He needed her—just needed her—and Roger had no special right to be first favorite always.

As he came to the home-lane—bordered thick with dog-roses, and full of dewy scents—he dawdled, loth to go indoors. He kept so sharp a discipline upon himself, by habit, that the luxury of forgoing it for a time was oddly pleasant. Cicely would be here in the old homeland in time for winter and the hunting. Cicely—the name seemed to lilt to music, as if a clean, running stream were trinkling down the roadway—Cicely would be home again.

He appealed to humor, lest this desire for the girl's return mastered his quiet outlook upon life. Humor deserted him in need. He could only scent the dog-roses, know only that the full pulse of summer was throbbing in his veins.

The riot was so unusual that he feared it, after yielding to it. His life had been so orderly till now. When he reached home, the house, and the meal gravely served, and the portraits of his forbears looking down at him from the walls of the snug dining room were sobering influences. The portraits especially dismayed him. His grandparents, with a consciousness that they were too good for their day and generation—had they been always cold, austere, as these likenesses painted upon canvas?

"No, by gad," said lile Jack Lister, humor returning to him at long last. "They were just as God made them—in their young days, before they reared a family."

The influence of the house was strong on him, for all that. He began to seek for reasons, in his quiet, old-fashioned way. Like Roger, he did not know what had happened to him; but across the days that had been he knew that a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand as yet, was gathering—a cloud that Cicely would bring home along with a good French accent and a knowledge of deportment. And already, in anticipation, he was sorry; for there had been stout friendships before his time, and would be again, but none stronger than the comradeship between himself and Roger.

When Roger came to Marsh House that evening, he found the Squire and Mrs. Holt seated one on each side of the fire which had been lit in the parlor. It was June, but the south-country wife had insisted on that concession when she came to face the upland weather—that she should have the right to light a fire in season or out, when she felt out of heart.

The fire was stifling the Squire, but the hardship did not trouble him just now. There was the wife he had chosen, radiant and sinless to his view of her. There was himself, roughened by the fights and falls and uprisings of life. But they had no secrets one from the other. The guilt that had hindered him was kept back from her no longer, and their house was not divided.

"It puzzles me, Nell," he said, glancing across at her with quiet tenderness. "Women forgive so much—and so do men—but they forgive different sinnings, somehow."

"We're made differently, my dear. Marriage would be a dull business otherwise."

"It's a thriving business now, Nell.

I wouldn't sell it for all the mills in Marshcotes."

She glanced at him, with a heart beating faster than a maid's can ever do; and Roger, in his heedless way, chose just that moment to break in on them.

"We nearly bagged him, Ile Jack and I," he explained, as if the others must be absorbed, too, in the day's hunt.

"What, Red Ratcliffe?" asked the Squire, testy as a young lover because of the disturbance. "So he's had the laugh of us again, has he? When my generation was in its prime, my lad, we'd have settled his account long since. It's always the same nowadays—the young men nearly do a thing. If the light had been good—or if the gun had fitted them better—it's always one excuse or another."

Roger winced. He was doubly tired because the long day had brought him no reward. Then he remembered that the Squire's temper was one to be humored nowadays. "He was sixty yards off, Sir, and going like a driven hare," he explained.

"Ah, well, that's some excuse. Where did you find him?"

"Away under Bouldsworth. He's more like a wolf to look at than a dog."

The Squire got up and fidgetted about the room. It occurred to him that he, too, was in danger of nearly doing a thing. Before Roger's coming he had been ready to leave all the burden of explanation to his wife, because she asked it. With his son here, he saw the matter in another light.

"Roger," he said, "I told you that the third legacy had come. Well, it's a girl of one-and-twenty, and we're adopting her, your mother and I. Will you mind a stranger in the house?"

"Yes," said Roger bluntly. "We were very well as we were—but I'll be civil to her, Sir, if you ask it."

And the three of them laughed. Their own downrightness, their refusal to lie pleasantly to each other or the world, seemed to have in it some touch of comedy that eased the tension.

"I've never seen her," went on the Squire by and by. "She—she's neither kith nor kin to me, you understand. She's just a debt I owed her father."

Mrs. Holt looked on. Her husband was winning honor, step by step, had he guessed it. She wondered how she could have asked to shift this burden from stronger shoulders than her own.

Roger said nothing. The blow was a hard one. He did not understand what lay behind this intrusion of a stranger into the home-life they had guarded against all save proven friends. But he knew that his father, after all the castles he had built on this third legacy, after the disillusion that had followed, was carrying disappointment well.

"Her father died—a week ago," said the Squire. "She's left alone in the world. She will—will be our guest, Roger—our guest in every sense—not a dependant, living on our bounty."

Again Mrs. Holt understood her man. Looking back along the years, she realized that he had been always careless of himself—in the hunting-field—in wrestling with the debts that pressed him close—but rigid always, a martinet, when helpless folk were reaching out their hands to him.

"She may be as ugly as the roof of Phineas Oldroyd's mill, or as bonnie as your mother—I don't know," he went on. "But she's our guest. I thought once of asking you to drive into Lancashire to fetch her. I rather think, Roger, I'll go myself instead tomorrow."

"Let me go."

"Nay, lad. I'm taking a hand in the game o' life again. I shall be glad to smell the wind on the top of

Blackstone Edge. These hot days are stifling me. There's business I can do in Lancashire, too—it will be a week or so before I come back."

When he climbed up into the dog-cart next day and took the reins, he was younger by ten years. It was only after he had said good-bye to his wife, and just as Roger was loosing his hold of the mare's head, that he remembered a silence of last night—a silence which, in itself, was a lapse of honesty.

"Roger," he said, stooping from the box-seat, "this isn't a debt of honor on my part. It's a debt of dishonor. I cheated her father once—and we've been feeding on the proceeds, here at Marsh—there, lad, you can let the mare go. I'm sick for the feel o' the wind on the top of Blackstone Edge."

Roger let the mare go, and watched his father drive recklessly across the carriage-way, just missing the off gate-post as he turned into the open highroad. He was unsteadied by this confession of the Squire's. To this day he had kept his boyish reverence for the father who had seemed heroic, not built of common clay. And now his dream was shattered, as all dreams must be, soon or late, that ask too much of human nature. Debts were familiar to him as daily bread; but dishonor was a shadow that had not crossed the doorway of Marsh House till now.

Mrs. Holt glanced quietly at him as he came indoors. "So you know all?" she asked, in her wise, kindly way.

"Not all, mother, but enough. He said that—that it was a debt of dishonor."

"So it is. It was plucky of him to confess as much—to you, of all people. Your hero-worship meant so much to him, Roger. It kept him young. And he shattered it—just for love of honesty."

"Mother, I do not understand——"

"No, it's a riddle you'll find the answer to—perhaps thirty years ahead. One does not know all at your age, Roger—nor at mine."

There was a reserve between them, newborn; and no more was said. Mrs. Holt went about the business of her household—rating a servant here for negligence, and finding there a corner that had not been swept free of cobwebs—as if no storm had come to Marsh. And Roger, following the like need of occupation, went round to the stable; he was intent on saddling the most evil-tempered horse there and galloping the bad mood out of horse and rider. As he crossed the bend of the path, under the flowering rowans, he stopped abruptly; his heart on fire with grief and disillusion, he found himself face to face with pleasant comedy. Life is often kind that way when ill-luck drives like a blizzard round a man.

In the middle of the stable-yard stood Jabe o' the Barns, sure of a breakfast whenever he cared to hobble down to Marsh and ask for it. And with him was the Holts' old housekeeper, a pensioner long since on their bounty who believed that it was she who ruled the house. She was big and lean, this servant who was addressed by the maids as "Mrs. Reddiough." To all the moorside—and to herself in moments of unbending—she was known as "Susan After-wit."

"There's a queer thing just happened to me, Jabe," Mrs. Reddiough was saying. Jabe was "sort of cousin" to her, and they were by way of being cronies.

"Queer things have a trick, like, o' happening to ye, Susan. I reckon you must be a bit queer yourseln."

"Well, but this was th' queerest of all. I was up the high pasture this morn, feeding yond clutch o' pritty-prat chickens, and a girt, rough-haired dog came whining and wheedling, as if

I'd known him fro' a pup. He was a rough 'un to look at; but, seeing he knew me, though I couldn't put a name to his back myself, I just asked him where he came fro'. An' he near knocked me down, what wi' his paws on my shoulders, and licking my face, and such a to-do as never. I'd always a soft heart—it's been many a poor soul's undoing, Jabe—and I pitied the dog, I did. He seemed so lonesome."

"Oh, he did?" growled Jabe. "He'd be lonesomer if I had my way wi' him."

"But I didn't know him for Red Ratcliffe—not till Ned o' Peggy's stepped down to Marsh, ten minutes after I'd gi'en the dog a good meal o' bones and what not and watched him go without a thank-ye. 'Hast seen yond slip o' Belial, Susan?' says Ned o' Peggy's. 'Meaning yourself?' says I. 'Nay,' says he. 'I was meaning Red Ratcliffe, as they call him. He killed two lambs o' mine this morn, and I've tracked him down to the low country hereabouts.' So I knew then; but it doesn't do to tell all—not to a man, leastways. I was quiet as a cat lapping cream, and he went away no wiser."

Jabe was silent, because he had no gift of language broad and deep enough to tell Susan what he thought of her.

"It's a pity I've so much after-wit," went on Susan placidly, "and so little o' the forrarder sort. Now, what I should have done, when th' dog came wheedling, was to know him for th' stark lamb-killer all the moor's trying to catch. And I should have dangled th' bones in front of his nose till I gat him into th' kennel just fornenst th' kitchen-door yonder. And then we'd have had him nicely in a trap, we should. I can almost picture him there this minute, Jabe, and young master coming wi' his gun."

"Almost isn't quite, Susan, I'm wearying of 'almosts.'"

Roger turned away. The humor of it all no longer appealed to him, for Jabe had sounded the same note that the Squire had struck yesterday. The Squire and Jabe—and Mrs. Holt herself when she showed a rare flash of temper—had touched the raw place underlying all his free-handed, rollicking good-temper. Two legacies had come in, and a patched-up prosperity was making the old house more like its former self. But after these had come the third legacy—of debt. And he, the heir, had after all done nothing to help his house, except to ride fearlessly, and shoot almost as well as like Jack Lister, and grow hungry for Cicely's return. He had brought no grist to the mill.

He returned by the way he had come, went indoors, and found one of the maids dusting the hall. "Jabe o' the Barns is here?" he asked. "Tell him to come into the library. I want a word with him."

Jabe came in by and by—diffident and a coward, because house-walls were about him. "I stink o' rabbits and heather, I doubt, Mister Roger," he said.

"There are worse smells, Jabe. About this dog we can't just find?"

"Well, he's a bad 'un. Mrs. Reddiough she was telling me awhile since that he came wheedling to her apron-strings, as soft as butter; and she fed him, like the daft old fool she is, begging your pardon. He'll be an ill dog to catch, I tell ye. A dog run wild ye know; and a dog that sits close round a woman's skirts ye know; but the half-and-half sort—they're just as slippery as the devil, Mister Roger."

"Light your pipe, Jabe, instead of fumbling with it."

"Well, thank ye—smoke does help a body."

"The Squire's away for a week. We're going to have Red Ratcliffe be-

fore he comes home—I don't care whether we shoot him or drown him—but I've set my heart on it, Jabe. The Squire said we couldn't shoot straight nowadays."

Jabe o' the Barns forgot that he was prisoned by house-walls. "I reckon th' old fighting-days are singing to ye, Mister Roger," he said with grave simplicity. "There's a heartsome way about ye. Well, your folk bested Red Ratcliffe once. We can do 't again, if we put our backs into 't."

"You may laugh, Jabe, but I was thinking of those old days as you came in. We sent round a horseman with a fiery spear, you remember——"

"Ay, my father used to tell on 't when I war a little lad and th' wind was howling i' the chimbleys. Begow, he sent me frightened to bed many a winter's night wi' his talk o' yond horseman, shouting 'Wayne and the Dog' as he rade."

"Well, times change, but we don't. The shout is 'Holt and the Dog' nowadays—but the fiery spear is to go round just the same."

"Nay, now, ye're beyond me. Where would ye find a spear i' Marshcotes? And, if ye did, they'd likely clap the lad that carried it into t' stocks—drunk and disorderly—to go playing such pranks in sober-minded times."

Jabe might live away from the busy world, but his outlook on it was crisp and full of the humor that gains by wearing a mask of stolid innocence.

"We're going to drive Marshcotes Moor—the grouse must take their chance this year—going to drive it from end to end, Jabe, till we get this red brute into gunshot."

He mapped out his plan, and Jabe o' the Barns nodded quietly now and then. Old as he was to moor and field lore, he could find no flaw in it.

Mrs. Holt met her son in the hall, after Jabe had gone, and the reserve between them melted quickly.

"You look happy, Roger," she said, with the irony that pricked, but left no poison in the wound. "That means that you are going out to shoot something—or to climb a hill."

"Your complaint was different the other day, mother. You said I was too easy-going."

"You're both, my dear, too easy-going and too keen for the battle. Your father was the same until—until life aged him. To be candid, Roger, my men-folk are a puzzle to me still."

"They are a puzzle to themselves," said Roger sharply. "Sometimes there's a singing in my blood, like a fever."

Again, out of the patient years she had given to father and son new understanding came to Mrs. Holt. "We'll blame your forbears, Roger," she said. "They did not live in easy days, and they've passed on a heritage."

"They're dead, and can't answer for themselves. I'd rather carry my own load, mother."

She thought much of Roger after he had left her. He was so resolute, so ready to accept more than his fair share of this world's burdens; and yet he did so little, as she counted deeds. The warmth of her southern temperament, disciplined by thirty years of a hill country, had given her an astonishing ambition for her men. It was not riches she asked, or easy days, or restitution of the old monarchy which the Holts, and the Waynes before them, had held over the wild moorlands. She could not have put into words what it was she needed—but at her heart was a bitter cry that Roger should go down into the world of men who worked for their daily bread, and prove there that a hale countryman, fed by weather and strong meats, could hold his own.

Roger himself spent most of the next few days on horseback. He carried no spear with a glowing peat-sod

at the end of it. There was nothing unusual in the greetings he passed with wayfarers about the upland roads. He seemed just what he had always been to the countryside—a careless, well-to-do "slip o' the gentry" who rode for his own pleasure. But he was carrying the fiery spear for all that. The old wildness in his blood was stirred in earnest, till the sheep-killer had grown to be an obsession. He had one aim only—to catch Red Ratcliffe, who was hiding among the wide, lonely reaches of the moor like a needle in a haystack. Jack Lister was with him in the game, and Jabe o' the Barns, and the three of them set about recruiting volunteers as if the century had slipped back to its early youth and there were danger of a French invasion.

On the day before the Squire's return from Lancashire little knots of men on foot began, soon after dinner, to make towards Marshcotes Moor from many quarters. Country gentry, yeomen, and farmers made up the most part of the gathering; while strapping lads, in clothes greasy with factory oil, had sacrificed a good day's wage for love of the hunting. All carried guns—begged or stolen, some of them—and they took their places till they rimmed the moor's edge on the Marshcotes side—a big gap between each man and his neighbor, because the heath was wide. Then a whistle sounded, and they moved inward with astonishing precision. There was an odd look common to them all. They were intent on what had brought them here. They were grim, unhumorous. Yet somehow it was plain that they were enjoying the day's hunting.

The beast they hunted enjoyed it more. His senses were keen enough when he was a farm dog, with a reputation to keep up in the village and snug lying o' nights in his master's barn. These senses were sharped now that he was a dog of no repute at all, but one who earned his living between the heather and the sky. He was asleep in the ling, half-a-mile away, when the shouts of the beaters reached him. He turned in his lair, and dozed again from sheer bravado, until the cries came nearer; then he slipped between the heather and the bracken as a quiet wind might do, and worked his way forward till he had put two miles between himself and his pursuers. Then he halted to map out his future. He knew that to-day's beating of the moor was the beginning of harsh times for him if he stayed on. The number of the men, the deep, racking clamor of their shouts as they moved inwards, persuaded him that he had not scattered enmity to deal with now, but a whole moorside pledged to hunt him down. The easy gospel of the sinner whispered to him in his need. He had enjoyed his summer, but it was time to quit. He need not trouble himself, except to get away into another country, to lick his coat into shape and wear all the outward livery of a farm dog that knows his work. Instinct told him that he was a good workman from a farmer's point of view, and worth harboring so long as he kept steady. Red Ratcliffe, trained by man since he was a puppy —with the bulge on the top of his head that wise flock masters know as "cleverness"—had been reared to the human outlook. And now, since he had taken the down road in life, he had the wisdom of all fallen men to ease him down the track.

He halted for a glance at the land of his fatness and prosperity, growled a last defiance, and went down the moor till he reached the intaken lands that sloped toward Hebden Brigg. Then he turned right-handed, and came to the watered hollow where the woods of Hardcastle stepped down, in pride

of summer leafage, beside the swift, clear stream that tumbled headlong to the valley. He crossed by Kittling Ford—not like a warrior at all, but like a mincing lady who fears to wet her feet—and disappeared into the warm stillness of the woods that, in the fiercest day of summer, were always cool.

Out on the stark moor the hunters moved steadily forward, converging on the round hump of Bouldsworth Hill. Rumor had it that this had grown to be Red Ratcliffe's favorite haunt after he had breakfasted at dawn; and a shepherd had brought them word, as they gathered to the muster, that he had seen the dog swinging sharp against the sky-line not an hour ago.

The heat was fierce, and there was little breeze to chasten it, even on the highest crests. Not a cloud tempered the glare of a sky that was hard and bright from one end to the other of the moor. The wiser men, whenever they reached a stream, re-dipped the handkerchiefs they wore under their caps; for there is such a thing as sunstroke on these uplands that are thorough always, whether for driving cold in winter or fury of the summer's heat. In ten minutes the handkerchiefs were dry again, and thirst cracked their throats as they tramped over broken ground between each stream and the next.

It was a day to separate the weaklings from the sturdier folk. To the credit of the moorside, no gentleman, no yeoman or farmer's lad among them all dropped out, obsessed by the weak fancy that he was tired or ill. To the credit of the mills that blackened Marshcotes village with their smoke, the workers who had given up a day's wage for love of hunting were loyal to an errand that taxed their unused muscles.

As they neared Bouldsworth, the moor itself grew giddy under the sun's pitilessness. Over the eager green of the bracken, across the sweeping splashes of many colors blended into the marvel that is June on the highlands, the heat-waves danced, rising and falling, till they seemed to make the rude bulk of the heath itself sway with them. It was a day so hot that Jack Lister, looking forward to the rough, cropped head of Bouldsworth Hill, saw a lake of water stretched in front of him. He had travelled in the desert once, and experience helped him to explain the mystery; but no man he had talked with in this homeland had ever said, digging far back into tradition, that a mirage had been known on the top of Marshcotes Moor. He cleared his eyes of the vision; but he could not clear his body of the thirsty heat that made him wonder how they all kept step along this narrowing circle that converged on Bouldsworth Hill. If he were sick and tired—a rare happening—he could not guess how the mill-lads from the valley found grace to conquer the like inclination to lie down and sleep; he would remember it to their credit ever afterwards.

The aim they had was a single purpose, and they followed it grimly, though each mile of this rough tramping was like four walked on easy ground. Those on the flanks of the line of beaters had worked their way by this time to the far side of the hill. The dog was not lying anywhere about the stretch of heath they had traversed; they had made sure of that. If he were sheltering under Bouldsworth they had him in a trap from which there was no escape—unless, indeed, he happened to be Barguest, as one superstitious farmer growled to his neighbor—"and i' that case, as all folk knew, gunshot would have no power to stop him."

"Ay, he's come this way, and not long since," said Jabe o' the Barns,

reading the ground at his feet as other men read books. "He must be fairish fast asleep, Maister Roger, not to have heard us afore this. I'll just go and waken him, I reckon."

"Have a care, Jabe," said lile Jack Lister. "He's savage."

"Not as savage by the half as me. Let me bide, now, I tell ye. I'll flush your game for you."

He hobbled forward, following the track, plain enough to him, of Red Ratcliffe's passing to his lair. He came to a little place, like the opening of a cave, where two boulders were topped by a slab of rock that had fallen on them during some bygone upheaval of the moor. There were signs in plenty now that this was Red Ratcliffe's lodging, and his body, turning about on many dawns before he settled to a well-fed sleep, had worn a hollow in the peat. But the dog himself was absent.

The men who circled Bouldsworth waited. Tiredness and thirst and the heat that grew more sweltering as the sun rose to noon were forgotten. They were listening for a sharp yap of defiance, were looking for a shaggy coat to run within gunshot distance. Instead, Jabe o' the Barns came hobbling back. All his philosophy was gone. The temper he had chastened by friendship with the hills and the stars ran molten, fired by rage and disappointment.

"Gone away!" he said. "Gone away, the lile devil—and I'd thought to break my stick on his head afore ye had a shot at him."

"There's only one thing to be done," said Roger, after a moment's silence.

"Ay, gang home," growled Jabe.

"No, drive the far side of the moor. There's a lot of daylight left."

The men, gathered into little knots, glanced ruefully at one another. The sharp disappointment had taken away all zest in the chase, and left them to the knowledge that they were spent and weary. Yet none admitted as much. There was some grim quality in Roger's voice, some tone of the leader who assumes that all are sturdy as himself, that braced their courage. They lay in the heather for ten minutes, and ate the food they carried in their pockets, and after that were up again, pacing slowly forward through the moor.

At the end of the day, Roger was joined by the old keeper who had earned privilege of speech from long service to the Holts.

"I'm going your way, Maister Roger," he said, swinging into step.

"That's good news, Eli. I've known a few blank shooting-days—but never one like this. I want company."

"You'll get it, sir—and a piece o' my mind, if ye've patience to listen."

Roger jogged on until it pleased Eli to unburden himself. Since the keeper first taught him how to shoot he had know what "a piece of his mind" meant.

"It's this way, like. We've driven my moor to some purpose—nesting-time, and folk treading where they listed, looked for yond durned sheep-cur, instead o' for the nests under their feet. Well, there'll be poor sport when August comes."

"I reckoned on that, Eli. We shall not blame you."

"Ay, but ye will! Speaking as a plain man—and asking your pardon, as in duty bound—I know your breed. Ye gang out for the day's whim—and forget how hot ye were on the whim afore next Sunday comes. Now, see ye, Maister Roger, there'll be August coming, and th' shooters trying to walk up birds that were o'er-trodden to-day. And Squire, he'll get into one o' his tantrums, and 'Eli,' he'll say—wi' all the gentlefolk looking on—'we didn't come here to shoot at the sky. Where are your birds?' And I shall

answer hasty-like, and he'll sack me on the spot. It's happened so often i' other years," he added, with a touch of plaintive humor, "but I had my pride to keep me steady. This year I'll be shamed in earnest. There'll be no birds to speak of."

"You think too much of your birds, Eli."

"That's what I'm paid for, Maister Roger."

"There'll be plenty when August comes. A clutch or two of fledglings trodden down——"

"Ay, just so. I never had wife or bairns. I've just had my birds to think of, till they've grown marrow to my bones. And ye talk of a clutch or two trodden down. And we haven't even yond dog's carcase to show for all our moil."

"We haven't," assented Roger grimly. "If I hunt him till next summer, I shall get that carcass, Eli."

"What if he happened to be a bit of a ghost, like, after all?" hazarded the keeper, touched by unexpected superstition as he said good-night at the top of Barguest-lane. "I've not glimpsed him myself, but them as has tell me he's a queer, unchancy sort o' beast, slithery as a puff o' wind. They say he's ta'en, too, to sitting on a gate o' nights and glowering at folk w' eyes like girt, yellow saucers. It all sounds like Barguest, I own."

The lane, as Roger went down it, did not seem haunted by any but the kindliest ghosts. The half-light of the June gloaming was warm, full of scents and pleasant mystery. A throstle, half-asleep, was piping a dreamy imitation of the lover's triumph-song that had swelled his throat all day. Moths brushed softly through the gloom, and a blue-beetle hummed by, like a blundering reveller who is not sure of his homeward way and does not care.

Yet he felt a sense of chill. Something had spoiled his vivid fragrance of the summer. Down this same lane something had always come to spoil the Wayne's summer-time, through long generations. The inheritance had been passed forward to the Holts, till ill-luck had grown to be a dragon—full-fed and lusty as Ratcliffe, the sheep-slayer—who was accepted with a laugh because they had found no way of meeting him in open battle.

Roger did not know what was chilling him just now. It was not the failure of the day's hunting; that was over and done with, and he was alive to hunt another day. It was not their poverty, grown almost dear by long association. There was a sense that Marsh House, where the three of them had been in complete accord, would never be the same again.

It was not till he came indoors, marked from head to foot by the day's heat and weariness, that he learned what ailed him.

"You return from battle?" asked Mrs. Holt, with her delicate, quiet humor. "Obviously you return from battle. What have you slain?"

"Nothing at all, mother. You may laugh at me."

Afterwards, while they supped together, she understood that there was some trouble eating deeper than the day's happenings or mishappenings. After all, she had borne him into a troubled world, had watched him try his first tooth on the ball of life that wears so velvety a surface over its hard core. She had feared lest he broke his head when her husband insisted that the lad must play up and down, seeking the adventures that were followed by bruised limbs. Later, she had feared many things—not of the body now, but of the soul—and had seen him come to this likable, big carriage that endeared him to the moorside. Surely she had earned her right to know when he was out of heart.

"Ah, lad, your trouble? It goes deep," she said, with a glance that bridged many hindrances.

It was then Roger knew what ailed him; for a mother of the old tender breed has always a grown son at command. "Father comes home to-morrow," he said, laying his heart bare. "This stranger he is bringing —she will not stay a week, or a month —she'll stay a lifetime."

"I know," broke in Mrs. Holt gently. "It is rather like the Marriage Service, is it not? Till death do us part. Yes, I have faced that."

"One chooses a wife," said Roger, with a sudden, eager thought of the tom-boy over in Brussels yonder. "One keeps a promise made by choice—but this guest who is coming—I—I loathe the whole intrusion of it."

"One seldom chooses, Roger, in the big, royal way you mean. There are too many folk in the world for that. My dear, there's another road of choice —just to jog up the hill, taking life as it comes."

He began to pace up and down the room—his father's way again—and no man, looking at him now, would have named him easy-going.

"I hate it all," he said, coming to rest at last with his back to the empty grate. "There'll never again be a meal that we don't share with her. If we laugh at our debts, she'll be there to listen. If we talk of dogs and horses, she'll be thinking of Liverpool's streets and shops, and wishing she were back again."

"I think she will, Roger. Do you know the picture I see of her? Plump and dowdy, with a voice like a file and a patronizing air, as if we were barbarians up here because we are lighted by stars o' nights, and not by street-lamps. I give you warning, laddie, that you'll have to put a curb on your temper."

"So you dislike her?"

"Dislike—it goes deeper far than that. I'm going to conquer it—that is all. We three are ganging up the hills, Roger."

Some storm of knowledge bewildered all his backward look on life. It was true that he had been easy-going, royal in the demands he made; but here was his mother talking of an uphill road he had not faced as yet—a road along which royalty goes barefoot, asking only to give out as it goes up the hill o' life with bleeding feet.

He came and touched her hand, and the chivalry of it went so far along the generations that Mrs. Holt understood at last why she had married into this north-country whose upper crust is hard, but whose core is made up of a tenderness that burns to flame.

The Times. *(To be continued.)*

SHAKESPEARE AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

I.

The conditions of social and political life in Elizabethan England are no longer generally familiar; they are habitually ignored by students of Elizabethan literature. Yet means of ascertaining them abound in contemporary books and records. A full acquaintance with the experiences which were common to men of Shakespeare's generation should reveal influences and episodes which helped to mould his outlook; they should remove some present obscurities from his allusions to habits and thoughts, if not to episodes, which belonged to his epoch, and are now obsolete or forgotten. No man, whether great or small, is free from the impress of his era; no literature, however universal in spirit, escapes

the mark of its own generation. Such is the ultimate significance of Hamlet's penetrating criticism of the theatre: "The purpose of playing was, and is, to show the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

The study of contemporary affairs in Shakespeare's case needs cautious handling in order to render it of scholarly service. It was in terms of drama that Shakespeare dealt with life; his dramatic temper transmuted most of that which reached his mind or eye; it is clear that he does not chronicle in literal detail the passing phases of his epoch. There is no obvious reflection in his work of the contemporary stir attending the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, or the Gunpowder Plot. Essex's attempted rebellion in the City of London, which thrilled the country for a season, provoked from the dramatist's pen no clear comment. On the surface of Shakespeare's plays there lies little trace of the tyrannies of Queen Elizabeth or King James I., of the persecution of Roman Catholics, or of the harrying of the Puritans. Yet events like these went to the making of the life in which Shakespeare played his part. The historical method of inquiry can alone enable the student to realize all the conditions in which he worked. Historical research must needs shed light, if we seek it prudently, on the source and significance of a part of his written message.

II.

Shakespeare, we are sometimes told by hasty critics, was no friend of democracy. A Member of Parliament lately called him "a helot of feudalism," a cryptic phrase by which the speaker seems to have meant "an obsequious champion of the aristocracy," and "a scornful foe of poverty and humble rank." Such censure loses its point when we learn from history the precise political conceptions and practice of Shakespeare's era, when we examine his deliverances on social or political themes in the dry light of history. The partisan critic who cherishes the democratic convictions of the twentieth century confesses disappointment that Shakespeare did not advocate the political panaceas for human ill in which democracy places its trust to-day. The modern democrat finds fault with Shakespeare for failing to recommend a more even distribution of wealth, or a wider or a more effectively organized suffrage. On the other hand, the trained historical student, whatever his private views may be on passing affairs, readily perceives that the current creeds of Socialism or popular government escaped Shakespeare's notice, not because he was out of sympathy with them, but because they lay beyond the limit of his horizon, because his outlook was absorbed by phenomena of a different calibre. The dramatist cannot be blamed for ignoring political programmes which were not in being in his time, any more than he can be blamed for omitting mention of steam-engines or aeroplanes, and for writing familiarly of objects, like perspective glasses or viol-da-gambas, which have gone out of use. Still less justly can he be condemned for abstaining from definite political propaganda. There were no mutually hostile sets of political formulæ fighting in his day for public approval. In any case, the primary conditions of Shakespeare's impersonal art did not allow him to act as personal advocate or personal censor of this or that political doctrine. The "fundamental part" of government, as his era understood it, was good order and discipline, and Elizabethan conceptions of politics rested on no other foundation. The duty of the people was to obey, not to ques-

tion, a superior authority. It was a corollary axiom in Shakespeare's world to give weight in the political scale to "gentry," "title," and "wisdom." Coriolanus deprecated submission to "the yea or nay of general ignorance," from no predilection peculiar to his dramatic creator, but in inevitable keeping with a universal conviction. No Elizabethan perceived how authority could be distributed among "the multitudinous tongue." The question had not yet arisen as to whether such a distribution might prove useful or safe. The bare notion was a bodiless fantasy. The unenviable light in which Shakespeare presents demagogues who mislead poor and ignorant people by false promises of wealth is a necessary deduction from the historical premisses at his disposal. The coarse humors of his mob prove nothing save his dramatic power of truthful delineation.

In Shakespeare's England the sovereign and half-a-dozen members of the Council controlled exclusively among themselves the machine of state. A horde of officials or seekers after place devoted themselves to minor political business for selfish ends. The mass of the people lived aloof from public affairs, and were content with their seclusion. The politicians stood low in popular esteem. On Shakespeare's lips the term is always associated with time-serving intrigue of a more or less base kind. According to Hamlet, "a politician would circumvent God"; "a scurvy politician," according to King Lear, pretends to "see the thing he does not."

Shakespeare rarely betrays in his work much interest in the routine activities of either the statesmen or the politicians of his time. His concern is with affairs of a wider scope. No sound conclusion as to his private estimate of men and women's potentialities or destinies can be deduced from his denial of high aspirations to the politician, or of sagacity to the populace. Shakespeare's shrewdest comments on human affairs touch other issues. He pleads for a merciful sympathy with suffering and weakness, and for a recognition of the essential equality of human beings. Practical politics, as Shakespeare knew them, ran in a groove which was out of the reach of such ideals. But in the greater expanse of the non-political world, Shakespeare detected the noble promise of man or woman, whether rich or poor, well-born or low-born, ignorant or learned. He speaks quite frankly of the impediments to the ultimate goal:—

"We all are men,
In our own natures frail and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels."
(*Hen. VIII.*, V., iii., 10-12.)

Yet his final word on humanity strikes a more generous and a more confident note than was in the compass of any active politician:—

"What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"—(*Hamlet*, II., ii., 317 seq.)

III.

Shakespeare dramatized the history of King John's reign without mentioning Magna Charta. The primal covenant of popular right had been many times confirmed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries since its first promulgation by King John in 1215. Shakespeare's omission bears graphic witness to contemporary political conditions. The practice of Tudor monarchy treated as an obsolete theory the pretension of the people to power or influence in matters of policy or administration. In the abstract view of the later Middle Ages, Parliament,

with its hereditary House of Lords and its elected House of Commons, was the supreme national authority. But Shakespeare's age saw the practical elimination from public affairs of Parliamentary rule, and of the popular liberties which that rule implied.

The Government of England, as Shakespeare knew it, was monarchy of the personal, absolute, autocratic kind. It was an uncompromising despotism, very speciously tempered by any tradition or by any occasional assertion of popular right. No doctrine of ministerial responsibility neutralized the Sovereign's personal power. The Sovereign's personal will was a solid reality, not the shadowless phantom to which it was ultimately to be reduced. With the aid of a handful of councillors, the monarch regulated the operations of well nigh all the machinery of the State. Autocracy can only fully succeed when the people voluntarily submit to its dictates. Through a great part of Shakespeare's life the people cheerfully acquiesced in the exercise of autocratic power. The voluntary submission of the English people between Shakespeare's youth and middle age does not admit of doubt. Such complacency was no permanent phase in our history, and requires explanation. It dated from before Shakespeare's birth, and was a part of his inheritance. Only on the eve of his death did it begin to wane, nor was it until the next generation that it changed to stern resentment.

King Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth's father, inaugurated triumphantly the era of despotism in sixteenth and seventeenth century England. Queen Elizabeth, under whom the first thirty-nine of Shakespeare's fifty-two years were passed, not merely lived in her father's tradition, but she improved upon it. The Queen's success was chiefly due to her singular complexity of character. She was constantly telling her people that she valued their love, while she imprisoned any whom she chose with an arbitrary impatience of legal routine, and vetoed with insult the action of her Parliament when it modestly claimed some concurrent or some subsidiary influence. The more frank grew her defiance of popular right, the more pronounced was her people's loyalty. Her instinctive shrewdness enabled her to turn to her own advantage any signs of discontent. When at the close of her reign the House of Commons ventured to discuss, on the motion of a private member, a substantial popular grievance, the lavish and corrupt grant of monopolies to capitalists or courtiers, she closured the debate with habitual abruptness. At the same time she announced that she was well able to redress the grievance by her own act, and she lost no time in decreeing some measures which palliated the abuse without curing it. She combined in herself the strength of a man with most of the weaknesses of a woman, and the strange combination secured for her, as if by magic, her subjects' confidence and affection. In spite of all her challenges of liberty, her subjects looked on her as almost a divine protectress of their interests and happiness.

By dint of a paradox, loyalty became a passion throughout the country. The Queen's courtiers, who habitually flattered her womanly feeling by addressing her in the frankest language of love, reflected a popular sentiment. Shakespeare, in the interview between Lady Grey and King Edward IV., shows how "love" is the word that instinctively springs to subjects' lips when they seek suddenly to express their feeling for their Sovereign. (*3 Hen. VI.*, III., ii. 53 seq.) The dramatist had the warrant of current experience. Lady Grey's loyal cry, "Love till death," was the cry of the

Elizabethan people, even when the Queen menaced the safety of their persons and property. There is a well-known anecdote which graphically establishes the point. An honest Protestant pamphleteer, John Stubbe, questioned the Queen's prudence in entertaining a proposal of marriage from a French Catholic prince. He and his publisher were both convicted, on a very questionable interpretation of the law, as seditious libellers, and were both condemned to imprisonment at the Queen's pleasure, and to have their right hands cut off. The mutilation was publicly effected with the utmost brutality in the market-place at Westminster. John Stow, the Elizabethan chronicler, was present. "I can remember," Stow writes, "standing by John Stubbe (and) so soon as his right hand was off, (he) put off his hat with his left, and cried aloud, 'God save the Queen.'" The spirit of loyalty could scarcely rise to higher altitudes.

IV.

In the spring of 1603 the Queen passed to her rest, and the crown was transferred to the head of the Scottish King James. The transference was effected as peaceably, almost as imperceptibly, as the summer displaces the spring. Shakespeare makes slender allusion to the episode, which took place in the springtide of the year—"this most balmy time," he called it. Current anticipations of disturbance on the part of supporters of rival claimants to the throne were signally belied. Shakespeare was content to join in the general attestation of the tranquillity with which the new reign opened:—

"The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age."

(*Sonnet CVII.*)

James I. was a notorious lover of peace, and the olive was associated with his name in the common talk of the day. In point of fact, the olive branch to which he clung was to bear the red fruit of civil war. But none foresaw that ill-starred growth, and Shakespeare needs no pardon for his blindness.

James's creed and his practice of government bore the outward semblances of that which went before it. On the surface, the despotic authority which Shakespeare's two monarchs wielded was the same. But an immense interval sparated fundamentally James I.'s methods of rule from those of his predecessor. The difference was not immediately detected by the nation at large, and Shakespeare went to his grave without realizing that autocracy at length was failing, or that a political revolution was threatening the country.

The contrast in the temperament of the two sovereigns accounts for Queen Elizabeth's triumphs as convincingly as for her successor's failures. The King's narrow mind evolved at the outset pedantic definitions of his pretensions of tyranny, which exposed their flaws. Queen Elizabeth had declared her princely authority to be a gift bestowed on her by God wherewith to maintain her kingdom in honor and prosperity. James I. blindly overlooked the second clause in this royal avowal; he abided by the first, and clothed it in uncompromising phraseology. "The state of monarchy (he declared) is the supremest thing upon earth: for kings are not only God's lieutenants upon earth and sit upon God's throne, but even by God himself they are called gods." Such royal extravagances put on the allegiance of subjects a strain which Queen Elizabeth had spared

them. As a Scotsman James had to count, too, on a certain amount of racial prejudice among his new subjects. Despite a rigorous censorship of the stage, the wholesale invasion of England by the new King's fellow-countrymen evoked in the theatre biting sarcasms, and although their authors suffered imprisonment, the sentiment to which they gave expression did not die. In more serious circles, protest against autocracy and assertion of popular right were soon quite audible even while Shakespeare was yet alive. But James was not sagacious enough to benefit by the warning.

V.

Shakespeare offers us no detailed comment on the political situation which either Queen Elizabeth or her successor faced. But the dramatist practises no reticence on the general topic of monarchy. He naturally confines his dramatic portraiture of sovereigns to past epochs, but he supplies some penetrating reflections on the place of monarchy in human polity, which cannot be denied relevance to royal experiences within his cognizance in his lifetime. When he makes direct reference to Elizabeth or King James, he lightly echoes for the most part the conventional vocabulary of adulation. The current policy of the censorship of stage and press permitted him no other course if he valued his liberty, his purse, or his ears. Both Queen Elizabeth and King James were, moreover, enthusiastic patrons of the drama, and paid Shakespeare's work welcome attentions, which prudence was under no temptation to ignore.

Shakespeare openly mentions the virgin Queen in the hackneyed key in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where he calls her "a fair vestal throned by the West," and "the imperial votaress," "in maiden meditation fancy free." In *Henry V.* he writes of her formally as "our gracious empress," and in probably the latest play in which he had a hand, *Henry VIII.*, she is hailed, though perhaps by a coadjutor, as "a pattern to all princes living with her and all that shall succeed."

Several direct allusions to James I. are of cognate tenor. In *Macbeth* Shakespeare pays a courtier-like compliment when he points to the Scottish King as the lineal descendant of the valiant hero Banquo, and he flatters the King's childlike faith in demonology by giving witches a prominent place in his dramatic scheme. In *Henry VIII.*, again, he or his partner in the authorship eulogizes James as sharing Queen Elizabeth's fame, and as spreading his honor and great name wherever the bright sun of heaven shines. But Shakespeare travels a little beyond the orthodox formula in one of his few references to the Scottish King. He dwells in *Measure for Measure*, it would seem with some irony, on a feature in James's character which might well tend to rob him of some part of Queen Elizabeth's popularity. The King had none of Queen Elizabeth's liking for the worship of crowds; he regarded the mob with abhorrence. Accordingly, the dramatist warns his public that, when they throng "in obsequious fondness" to the new King's presence, "their untaught love must needs appear offence." The Duke speaks in the same play to like effect in the lines (I. ii. 68-71):—

> "I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
> Though it do well, I do not relish well
> Their loud applause and aves vehement."

The allusion was unmistakable. The audience might easily have left the playhouse under the impression that

the dramatist was here echoing a genuine speech from the throne.

VI.

Rare topical lines like these may well bear "a double sense." But none of Shakespeare's plain references to his own sovereigns hint at the searching diagnosis of historic kingship which he provides elsewhere. It is in the broadest light, of history and not of the current event, that he interprets monarchy. In his rôle of revivifier of the past, he ignores the conventional view of kingly glories and attributes, and pays the courtier's traditional conceptions scant respect. Hereditary English monarchs loom large among Shakespeare's *dramatis personæ*. None, save Henry V., are credited with heroic faculties. The rest are weak or vicious, and feed on gross illusions. Shakespeare credits his heroic king alone with a true insight into the nature of kingship. Richard II. and the usurping King of Denmark in *Hamlet* are as staunch champions of the divine right of royalty as James I.; they speak of their "divinity" in language which is almost indistinguishable from that of the Scottish king. But the doctrine fails to protect them from ignominious death. Henry V. knows better. He makes no pretension to divine attributes, and lives happily, with no violent end in store. For Henry V.

"The king is but a man, as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man."—*Henry V.* IV. i., 105 seq.)

In another familiar passage in the play, Henry V. draws a graphic distinction between the ordinary man and the king. It is ceremonial pomp and pageantry in the king's environment that gives him the esteem which is denied to his fellows. Ceremony consists of nothing but place, degree, and form, which are mere phantoms. If the king fall ill, ceremony will not cure him. None of the luxuries of state can protect kings from sleeplessness. Elsewhere Shakespeare insists on the vain pride of royalty, and pictures death as always grinning at its pomp. He grimly refuses to admit any compensation in luxurious comfort, or in the absolute enjoyment of power. Between kings and men of homely rank there intervene only shadows.

"Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward hónor for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares;
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame."

(*Richard III.* I. iv., 78-83.)

Shakespeare formulates implicitly the uncompromising argument of the political rationalist. Kings are for him neither greater nor happier than ordinary people; they are often smaller, and are always less happy. The dominant fact about them is that they are condemned by fate to drag out existence in the galling chain of "tradition, form, and ceremonious duty"; they are the slaves of unreality and self-deception. It is not envy, it is pity, of kings which Shakespeare's word invites.

At times Shakespeare indeed touched in more philosophic terms and with greater subtlety the ultimate flaw which reason detects at the root of personal or absolute monarchy. Here it was not English history but Roman history that gave him a cue, which he took without hesitation. In all political argument of recent time, Julius Cæsar is the universal type of autocrat, and those who conspired to assassinate him are the universal types of champions of political liberty.

Cæsar and his assassins are vivid figures in Shakespeare's great gallery, and although the dramatist deduces nothing of obvious pertinence to his own age from their dramatic experiences, he points with their aid an advanced political moral. He carries to its inevitable political conclusion Henry V.'s admission that men's physical, moral, and mental capabilities invariably tend to a uniform level. Shakespeare's Cæsar, despite his political ascendancy, is subject to human weaknesses. His companions find nothing in his nature which entitles him in their sight "to bear the palm alone." They deny his right to gather into his own hand by either force or persuasion the privileges and liberties which belong naturally to his fellowmen equally with him. The Roman conspirators dread as a form of death bondage to one who is a man like themselves. They assert freedom to be the heritage of all men, not of one man. It is this scruple of conscience which impels them to assassinate the Dictator:—

"What was't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire? and what
Made the all honor'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man?"
(*Anthony and Cleopatra, II.*, iv., 14-19.)

Such is Shakespeare's repeated justification of the revolt against Cæsar. The conclusion is capable of a wide application. When the conspirators, after Cæsar's death, cry about the streets of Rome, "Tyranny is dead—liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement," they acknowledge the spell of the conviction that "one man" is for all time "but one only man." The inference is inevitable that every autocracy, whether in Rome or anywhere else, rested on an unsound foundation of human inequality, on an artificial and unmerited exaltation of one man above his fellows.

Happily for Shakespeare's personal comfort or safety, no reader of his Roman plays thought to put the cap of Cæsar on the head that it most obviously fitted in his day in England. It is worthy of note, however, that there were many signs of nervousness in both Elizabeth's and James I.'s courts when themes of classical history were converted into drama, and that some of Shakespeare's colleagues were censured, or even imprisoned, for their venturesomeness in this direction. Sir Fulke Greville, a courtier and politician of the day as well as a poet, wrote, before Queen Elizabeth died, a tragedy on the subject of Antony and Cleopatra, but he illustrated a prevailing apprehension by sacrificing it to the fire before production or publication; he feared (he writes) that some lineaments of Queen Elizabeth might be imputed to his Queen of Egypt. (Shakespeare's masterly experiment on the same theme was made long after Queen Elizabeth's death, and no objection was taken.) Only in one instance was any official blame laid on any of Shakespeare's frank portrayals of monarchy. One of his incursions into English, not into Roman, history was for a decade under suspicion. The last Act of Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, which presented the deposition of that unhappy ruler, was held to suggest insidiously the insecurity of royal tenure. Richard II.'s name was always a word of fear to Queen Elizabeth, and she shivered at its mention. When Shakespeare's tragedy portraying his career was originally published, the piece stopped short of the catastrophe, which was excised by the censor. But, strangely enough, the prohibition was suffered by Elizabeth's successor to lapse, and the play appeared in 1608

without curtailment. When Roman history was his theme, Shakespeare more fortunate than some fellow-dramatists, was allowed to say without molestation his potent word in behalf of "beauteous freedom." He exposed the fallacy of "one-man" absolutism, and none said him nay. The intelligence of the age was not yet alert enough to detect a topical significance in his subtle avowal amid its Roman trappings.

Sidney Lee.

The Contemporary Review.

(To be continued.)

THE HOMES OF BURNS.

Often though the successive homes and environments of our poet have been described, and long though their respective formative influences upon him have been discussed, the last word in this chapter of our Scottish "literary geography," as William Sharp was wont to call that fascinating study, is still far from said; so that, even with due and real respect to most of Burns' many biographers, much will yet be written.

Thus to begin with the origins of the Burns family, the investigations of Dr. Alexander Carmichael must be brought from their place in the *Celtic Review* to pages more widely accessible to lowland and southron readers. For while ordinary accounts have taken us back only to William Burness, farmer in Kincardineshire, Dr. Carmichael satisfied himself not only that this name is a compression of "Burn-house," but that this was the translation of the Gaelic "Taynuilt," a village under Ben Cruachan which the progenitor of the Burnesses had made too hot to hold him, so burning were his satires upon his rival bards. And when to the same exact region our genealogist traces back the long-perplexing name and kin of Ruskin also, the difficult fields of Celtic psychology in general, and of hereditary genius likewise, are fully opening before us; how far to reward yet further inquirers, how far to tantalize them, who can say?

Still, for most readers, as for ordinary pilgrims, it is with the "auld clay biggin," on the roadside from Ayr to Alloway and the Brig o'Doon, that we must start. But here too we cannot feel satisfied with the biographies, still less with the festal orators, and least of all with the mass of commentaries and conversational estimates with which every one is familiar. For these are for the most part characteristically middle-class—and mostly anglicized at that—in their patronizing appreciativeness of the poet's father and mother, their home atmosphere, and of the education which they were able to give their boys. From the standpoint of the modern middle-class, even of most of its sympathetic pilgrims, the cottar, the nurseryman, the domestic gardener, and the small tenant-farmer, which Burns' father was by turns, are too simply generalized; with too little comprehension, often practically none, of the distinct and complex activities and interests of each of these. It is missing too much to slump all these distinctive occupations under the common name of peasant, even if we do not, as too often is the case, consciously or unconsciously, associate with this much of the rudeness of the modern Scottish ploughman's bothy, or of the tamed and dulled depression of the English laborer's home; indeed sometimes both. Such sombre and squalid back-

grounds undoubtedly serve to show up the poet as that prodigy of genius, so rarely self-taught, so mysteriously inspired, which is so often held before wondering readers. But even in these days—changed in many ways as they have been throughout Scotland for the worse as well as for the better, as by rustic depopulation and other causes, and given the sympathies and the opportunities—we may any of us still be fortunate enough here or there to make acquaintance with men of each of the very various occupations followed by Burns' father, even if we do not find any one at once so versatile and so unfortunate as to have tried them all. For forming such acquaintances, it has happened that the profession and also the changing environment of the present writer have been more than usually fortunate; and after forty summers, as youth and man, of rustic and botanic rambles, and these not simply over moor and moss, through wood and dell, but still more up and down, over hill-farm and carseland, and with visits without number to nurseries and to gardens, he may claim with reasonableness, with fair probability, to know and have known more of their respective cultivators, and this more amicably and intimately, thanks to a larger basis of common interests, than can have the vast majority of Burns' biographers and readers, be they eulogists or critics.

Again, after a full generation of experience as a Scots university teacher, he has necessarily seen a good deal of the students who come from such simple but not uncultured homes, and of how they develop in their various careers; while finally, as a more than usually wandering student, interested not only in things rustic but in their urban developments, and thus in the life and culture and blossoming of towns and cities in their regional settings and upon their natural roots, he has been favored, even fortunate, in meeting and learning, from men eminent in specialisms of many kinds, men also distinguished for general ability, for width of mental grasp and of organizing power, for wide and sympathetic culture. Recalling for instance the great naturalists who have been so characteristic of the past half-century, say Darwin and Wallace, Haeckel and Huxley, Lacaze of Roscoff and Dohrn of Naples for choice, he cannot but group as in many ways ranking with these latter two or three simple fishermen of the Channel, and one of the Mediterranean. Similarly for the great geologists; still more for the botanists; in all save social and academic opportunity one finds men among the people who are deeply and truly their peers. The heads of the great botanic gardens and private collections, the garden-architects too, can easily hold their own among scientific men and artists respectively. I take it no one will deny this. But what one learns with widening experience of the working world is that essentially similar powers and developments are found, and this not uncommonly, indeed very notably, among our Scottish gardeners and nurserymen. True, in their comparative isolation they lack something which no individual powers, no self-education can reach—the larger tradition of the sciences, the varied contacts of mind with mind, in great universities and cities; but in essentials and fundamentals, the substantial qualities of specialist eminence or of general culture (and sometimes both) are clearly and unmistakably represented. Furthermore, the moral and mental disciplines which go with high professional skill—the long patience, the untiring energy, the ingenuity and resource, the complex co-ordination, the foresight, and so on—have often been called forth no less fully in the man of the people, laboring always un-

der difficulties and mainly with his own hands, than in the eminent man of science, with his material facilities, his skilled and devoted assistants. Little wonder then that the children of such parents, who grow up helping and sharing in such an invigorating atmosphere of intelligent and strenuous activities, should hold their own, as all the records of Scottish achievement show they have done, with those of apparently more favored homes. For when we apply to the environment of the laird's son and the judge's, of the manufacturer's, and the banker's, even of the minister's, or of the prosperous farmer's boys, the criticisms of the latest and most advanced pedagogy and psychology, it may well be that the gardener's laddie, or the grieve's, has really had in some ways the fullest opportunities, the most vital and developmental set of experiences. Not indeed below this level; for we are far from forgetting that as poverty comes in, limitations and disadvantages increasingly follow. As the reader may remember, our oldest and perhaps most characteristically mingled of Scottish Universities has recently been celebrating her Quincentenary with no little magnificence, indeed with representatives of all the great world to do her honor; but it is scarcely likely that he will have noticed that the very first event in her history thereafter, thus opening the new period now beginning, was a public inauguration by the Secretary for Scotland of a garden for the training of her young teachers: she has at least two (one may almost say three, even four) such college gardens, each largely comparable to the small nursery of William Burness, and directed by a nurseryman and gardener of the same sterling qualities, educational enthusiasm and aptitude not excluded. That the Scots gardener should stand in the world's esteem with the very first in his art is no small distinction, for his difficulties are obviously greater than are those of more favored climates. This excellence of the gardener, however, is an old story: the new and hopeful point is that the educational and governing world, the University and the State should thus at length, though tardily, be discovering his potentiality and sterling efficiency to the national education service. But with the opening of school and college gardens (and they are opening everywhere), the time has plainly come to have done with these compassionate wonderments of the pseudo-educated over the educational antecedents of Robert Burns, his home environment especially; and rather to be thinking of how to bring such an environment again more generally within the reach of everybody, and perhaps especially of those apparently were favored, by "wealth and social position."

Of Burns' mother too little is known; and the pity is perhaps yet greater that we have heard so little, save in brief but grateful appreciation by Burns himself, of the good old dame who helped in the house and sat by the fireside in the long evenings, and told stories and sang songs to the wondering and absorbing child. Betty Davidson—a Highland patronymic—individually and racially concealing greater names, those of full half the Muses; the Muse of Nature, of Country, of History; the Muse of Dance, and, above all, her of Lyric Song. This is what home schools often were before the days of Education Departments and their inspirer, the Fate of Examinations and of False Memory: and this, please Life, is what they must be again. This was Walter Scott's school too; a school of spontaneity, of creation, diametrically opposite to the deadening analysis of the class-room, which since the Renais-

sance has ever increasingly been mincing up the husks and parings of the apple of knowledge, generally a dried apple at that.

But young Robert's educational good fortune did not end with Betty Davidson. Upon her initiation to the gardens of the five above-named muses followed some hearing of Apollo's lyre itself; for the schoolmaster at Alloway was a true literate, loving poetry alike with ardent heart and accurate ear. Again what a combination of educational advantages, not one of which could have been missed! To the richly varied nursery-garden of home, contrast Alloway's quiet graveyard and haunted kirk; recall the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," with the views of and from its noble bridge; then wander along the seashore and note its cliffs and pebbly bays, with here a village, there a castle: what better environment had Scotland, had the world, for a poet-child? Though Burns left this first home early, indeed early in his eighth year, it must have counted for much, indeed probably for most of all, among our poet's changing environments.

We pass over his father's struggles in the later homes of his childhood, for these bravely helped on his education, in literary ways and more; the beginning of this tragedy dates with the hard necessity of beginning a man's full task of field labor at fifteen, and this under the tyrant factor whose exactions and insults wellnigh broke down the father's strenuous spirit, and with it certainly the former happiness of home. This sad story no biographer has missed; yet none has fully enough handled it in the light of that general ruin of the peasant world, on both sides of the Tweed, which had begun with Burns' life, and which went on for another generation and more after his death—in fact up to the Reform Bill, and even longer. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" has no doubt often been quoted in this connection; but to realize how the two Burns, father and son, are but personally conspicuous types of a national tragedy involving millions, for that we need to read a history like the Hammonds' recent "Village Laborer," indeed next to write its pendant for Scotland as well. For the Highlands, with their dramatic clearances, this has been done; but for our Lowland history also the struggle and ruin of this gifted family, and in one generation after another, is but a characteristic paragraph.

In Ayrshire the ruin was that of one of the very strongest yet finest of all the varied stocks of the British Isles. The "honest men and bonnie lasses" whom Burns commemorates in Ayr were not the mere idealizings of a generous toast. Amid the modern deteriorations of town and country, nowadays all too common in and around Ayr, as up and down through Scotland, the observant pilgrim may still be startled by types of rustic beauty so rarely individual and distinguished as to justify all the enthusiasms of the poet; and so far to absolve him from that too facile rhapsodizing over any and every bonny face with which he has been reproached.

It remains for a full and a psychological criticism, one piercing below this brief glance at our poet's changing environments, to trace out how in this prematurely saddened young life, with its excessive toil, its mingled bitternesses of disappointment, grief and rage, the poet's refuge in the dream-life must have been strengthened: enough here if we see how its succession of fair and fascinating faces may have begun.

One other circumstance of youth and manhood, and this also a main one, and we have done for the present. It is one all too little insisted on by biog-

raphers and commentators, from their predominantly literary point of view, one which does not appeal either as it should to most readers, yet is essential to the understanding of Burns. We are too much apt to forget he was no more all poet than all ploughman; but a skilful and strenuous farmer, to whom the life of productive labor and of improvement was congenial, and more continuous and habitual than even that of song. The times, albeit so ruinous to the laboring man, were also full of new and marvellous progress in agriculture, and frequently prosperous, although dangerously experimental, to the skilled and capital-owning tenant-farmer. Now, in pitying Burns' struggles, we are apt to forget that, like his father before him, he belonged truly to this most intelligent and skilful class; and fell short of its success through lack of the capital which is so necessary alike to court prosperity and to tide over disaster. We must recall once more the tradition and training, the varied field and nursery and garden skill in which Burns had been brought up, and to which his piercing and original intelligence, his wide observation and keenly critical reason had assuredly been applied; and we thus rationally explain his glowing hopefulness also at each new start at least. Thus we come to see how much more stress might be laid—we, at any rate, are convinced ought to be laid—upon Burns' life and tragedy as agriculturist.

"A very sagacious country farmer" —"a strong expression of sense and shrewdness"—here is the foundation of his portrait, and this in his brightest Edinburgh days; in association, of course, with the marvellous and glowing eye, "which, alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament." It has been too much forgotten that his painter is not only the excellent Nasmyth, but is here one whose still greater power of observation, of descriptive skill, of psychological insight none will question—Sir Walter Scott himself, of all men who ever met Burns the most competent and trustworthy for each element of the picture—a shrewd and sagacious peasant and planter in his own turn, and this throughout his own most vivid and impassioned days. Yet the literary biographers—even Lockhart himself, who, as Scott's friend, should have known better, even Lord Rosebery with all his taste and feeling, even Henley with his trenchant realism—are continually missing the significance of all this hope and joy of manly activity, this solid grip of agriculture. For Burns the work of life, and this more, not less, than for Scott, was planting and improving. Here, as much even as either's loves or sorrows, lies the open secret of both their happiness and their disasters. The biographers fail to see that agriculture is not only labor, and that reinforced by skilful handicrafts and searching sciences, but also—however easy-chaired or high-stooled penmen may have missed this experience—is the manliest and the happiest of the arts. It is time to have done with this make-believe culture and would-be criticism, which thinks it can read Burns' verses in the evening without ever having shared and felt the day's work from and amidst which they came. Such critics dote on Wordsworth (dote is often the right word), but never know what it means that his own favorite reading was—not even Virgil but—Columella, the Roman authority on agriculture. This kind of criticism misses all the connection of earth-toil with beauty, so simple, yet so intimate and profound; it fails to realize the world-old yet daily renewing unison of furrow-straight and scythe-sweep with measure and order; the natural, normal rise of these

together into popular rhythms and lilts, and through these into individual song. In the cultured world everywhere, self-centered and life-remote as it has become, every one would be ashamed to have forgotten what it thinks the great maxim of Socrates, "Know thyself." But how few in it, since Burns' day ended, and the mechanic age set in, can remember, or perhaps have ever heard, his greater and riper maxim—his true life-experience and life-evangel—"Labor and make Music!" Had even our third greatest man of letters, Thomas Carlyle, escaped from the first of these maxims to the second, how different his criticisms both of Burns and Scott, how much healthier and happier his own life also, in yet higher productivity as well. His master Goethe knew better, and planted the "Paradise" of Jena, rightly so-called to this day.

Thus it is that not only Burns' readers, but his critics and even biographers, have constantly missed what is really in many ways the decisive disaster of his career, his losing of the Edinburgh chair of agriculture, which would seem to have been almost within his reach. The farmer's life prosaic? Burns' "Daisy" and "Mouse," or "Mailie's Dead," are true expressions of it, not exceptions; it is above all in the literal soil, in all ages and lands, that poetry is ever germinating, and in which often, before Virgil and since Burns, it has truly flowered. Had Edinburgh not then, as so often since, been the chilliest of academic mothers—had Burns too been able to master her, and himself, but a little more fully—what differences might there not have been in his own career and fate, in Scotland's record also! To think this out farther would be to dream a whole novel, one of happier course and nobler ending than the later biography, richer in incident, in achievement and in influence; for after such a splendidly lyric youth, instead of decline and premature end, why not an epic maturity also, a voicing of the older muses in their turn?

But the task of the critic, he so far truly says, is with what is, and not with what might have been. True. We must have done then with all the criticism of Burns, be these of eulogy or of depreciation, which sunder the peasant from the poet. This separation began no doubt long ago; it too often taints even Burns' own writings; but it has spread on in the towns of the modern age, with their leisure classes and their drudgery classes, their moneyers and their mechanists, paperists and futilitarians all. Why then have three generations of even these turned to Burns to alleviate the gloom of their modern life; and more, as publishers' statistics show, than to all other poets put together? Not simply because he has sung to love with the reddest rose, to Scotland with the purpliest thistle—not even that for democracy he has written the English Marseillaise, nor that the world-spreading hymn of fellowship is Auld Lang Syne! All this of course, but more. Of the peasant-god, Dionysos, he was the last great avatar; and in qualities and defects, in wanderings and misleadings, in this mingled glorious, sin-and-wine-stained life, he epitomizes his time, his fellows, and the tragedy of his age—the whole ruin of the old rustic order—as the thyrsus beats, as the wild life leaps in brief triumphal progress through startled Edinburgh, and till bacchanals and Silenus crowd round the wearied and captured exciseman.

Yet this is not the end. In the modern age there is more than the swing between toiling poverty and drink, between mechanical and official dullness and revolt, though these may well seem as yet its main forces and mani-

festations. There is in it, as there was in Burns, the Promethean fire. The smoke-cloud of the nineteenth century now begins to break, the spreading of its hideous towns to abate; and amid all contrasts of labor and capital, of east and west, a better day "is comin' yet for a' that." By what sign may we know this? There are many for those who bring eyes to see; but to countrymen and lovers of Burns, he himself and his parentage, his home, his life, is still the best. For in his essential development, his environment, his response to it, are summed the central history of nations and of their culture-blossoming. In Palestine and Attica, in Rome, or in Provence, in France or in Scotland, the peasant is ever the father of the poet.

Patrick Geddes.

The British Review.

DAVID AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

It was no commonplace interest in the mute relics of civilizations long since crumbled into dust which took David and his mother to the British Museum that gray November afternoon. David was two years and three months old, and found the civilization of Acacia Road, Clapham (where he lived), sufficiently absorbing. And his mother had recently seen just enough of the Museum's eerie treasures to know that she did not like them.

She had been buying little garments for David at a shop in New Oxford Street, much frequented by the young matrons of Acacia Road. A drizzling rain had set in, and the shopping ended, the most learned person might without loss of reputation have fled Bloomsbury for tea and a muffin at home. David's mother decided otherwise, though she was tired, and though her interests were exclusively of the year 1912. Had you asked her why this enthusiasm for antiquity, she would have replied unconvincingly that she only wanted to get the child out of the rain, adding as an afterthought that it would do him no harm to see the Museum, for he was as sharp as a needle, and would understand more than many a grown-up person.

"Run and see the pretty things, dearie," she said, when she had passed the swing doors, and set her lively bundle on the floor of the great entrance hall. But as she followed slowly in his wake, it was not the widening of David's intellectual horizon that she had in view; her eyes were on him, but her thoughts fluttered, wandered, like the pigeons outside.

David was the gayest thing in all Bloomsbury that afternoon. Gaping girls and lads laughed as he toddled by, and conscientious foreigners, guide-book in hand, brought themselves back with a start from Nineveh and Syracuse to watch him out of sight.

His little person was completely enveloped in a round scarlet cloak (a *pèlerine militaire* such as officers wear abroad), save for two plump, white-gaitered legs, which propelled him forward with the cautious haste of two years old. Even his face, that cheerful little planet, was in partial eclipse, for his mother had pulled the peaked hood of the cloak over his head when it began to rain, and forgotten to throw it back. A golden-brown curl or two, straying from under the hood, betrayed the tender babe within, but his clear dark eyes gleamed upon the strange world about him with the tricksy benevolence

of some little kobold of fairy tale.

So peeping down gratings, hauling himself, middle first, on to benches (only to flop down again), the explorer, with his mother close behind him, reached that junction where the stone monsters of Assyria stand, four square, waiting for the astonished observer.

And there David's mother sat down. This was for her the one really interesting spot in the Museum. Only a fortnight ago—how long it seemed!—while making the tour of the Museum as the guest of the East Clapham Amateur Antiquarians, she had here dropped her muff. A tall dark man sprang forward to pick it up. She thanked him in a whisper, because Mr. Bunnie, their learned cicerone, a man of dreadful fluency of speech, was taking breath, and would doubtless resent the sound of any voice but his own. But when he had finished his discourse on the bulls, and was gathering his flock round the Rosetta stone, here—here she and the stranger had lingered together and spoken.

It was all so trivial—yet what are words? It was the tone that charmed, the hint of respectful interest in his clear gray eyes. . . .

At the Elgin marbles they spoke again. There are so many marbles, and it is difficult for everyone to see them at once. So David's mother and the stranger were unselfish, and let the others have the best view, while they themselves hovered, and sometimes talked a little, on the outskirts of the listening troop.

After the marbles, tea, and general wonder that there should be buns so young and plastic among antiquities so inconceivably stale. And then David's mother grew desperate. The party would break up directly, and the stranger had told her that he did not come from Clapham; she could not hope to meet him there again. She had not the pluck to ask which member of the E.C.A.A. had invited him that afternoon, for she was very diffident, but the fast-running moments forced from her one timid question:

"Do you often come to the Museum?"

"Sometimes. I am very fond of old things. Perhaps we may meet here again some day."

"I—I hope so," she said, and then blushed scarlet for shame.

A few minutes later she was in Hart Street alone, on her way home, an easy prey to any whirling taxi, for she saw nothing but those pleasant eyes, and that dark pointed beard. Now Sam, David's father, had side-whiskers.

How foolish it was, she thought, to expect to meet him where she had first seen him! Yet when she came to the winged bulls and found them solitary, she felt a pang of keen disappointment. She sat down, and for a time heeded David as little as a mathematician absorbed in a problem would follow the devious wanderings of some big scarlet butterfly.

Yet her problem was so simple that it could hardly be said to exist. And David's mother was the last woman to state it to herself in clear and brutal terms. She did not say: "Sam is plain and staid, and fifteen years older than I. I married him because Mother urged it, and I was tired of the dressmaking. The stranger was young and good-looking, and I know he thought me pretty. And I want to meet him again."

All this throbbed unacknowledged in the dumb recesses of her being, but not in its conscious outworks. She was quite without initiative, a gentle, clinging person whose soft blue eyes and small indeterminate features well symbolized her character. She had no furtive disloyal intentions; her very disappointment was inarticulate. Only it made her view with something akin

to irritated satiety the face that now rose before her mind—the face of Sam.

How gray the future looked! As gray as the hair on Sam's temples; as unexciting as his eyes, so palely brown; as changeless as the angle of his salient yet undistinguished nose. Always she would be Sam's wife, and he a clerk in the Fleet Street Branch of Burford's Bank. (That other was no clerk, she guessed; he was a visitant from some brighter, more commanding sphere.)

The four monotonous years in Acacia Road, the decorous annual holiday at Deal, the unenterprising domesticity of her partner and his relations; all this and more was present to her mind as she sat meditating upon Sam's features, but it took form and enmity against only one part of him.

David's mother was not clever; yet, in the instinctive choice of her husband's whiskers as the scapegoat of his general lack of romance, she showed acumen. They did indeed express the man. They were not mean (Sam was not mean), but they were undeniably dowdy.

Why did he not love her enough to shave them off? She forgot that she had never asked him to do so. How could he affront her, a young and pretty woman, by such obsolete ornaments? In vain she remembered to have read in "London Opinion" that whiskers were coming back into esteem. They are as eternally unfashionable, cried wounded dignity, as elastic-sided boots.

From such painful considerations she was recalled by the unusual stillness of David. She turned hastily about, and beheld her son standing motionless, as though he, too, were made of stone, and glaring up into the face of one of the great winged bulls of Nineveh. How tiny he seemed! but then the beast was very large. His mother reflected that it took an Assyrian bull to make the tallest child of his age in Acacia Road look small. The monster stared hard, and it was clear what he thought of David, for fatuous benevolence beamed from his prominent eyeballs; it was less clear what David thought of him. The little matador was equal to him, however, and glared boldly back. The couple gazed upon each other as though for a wager, and it seemed long to the fond spectator ere the eyes of seven and twenty months fell before the staying-power acquired in as many centuries of fixity. Tacitly accepting defeat, David trotted off to inspect the twin bull of the other side of the passage, while his mother waited for his verdict on these remarkable phenomena. It shortly came, closing the incident.

"Nuzzer vun!" said he to himself, and she felt that no one could have put the facts more concisely.

"Come along, my duck!" she said, rising, and driven by her longing for the clear gray eyes, she slowly followed hope, the pale phantom, down the gallery where the gods of Egypt keep their melancholy state. There was nothing there (or so it seemed to her whose foolish heart was aching); just the murky brightness of electricity and fog combined; deep shadows; draughts; the oppressive warmth of hot pipes; the shuffling tread of a few silent visitors. The stone population on either side of her she ignored, though she surveyed the living keenly as she passed along. David, too, honored the former with his notice only so far as to play hide-and-seek with himself round their heavy pedestals.

Awful forms they were that loomed above him, vivid as the horrors seen in dreams, and for the most part perfect still as when they came from the sculptor's hand: women with heads of lionesses or hippopotami; scarabs larger than turtles; great hawks of

sombre granite or basalt whose fierceness the long ages had not tamed. Immovable and sublimely patient, these forlorn survivors of vanished rites watched the gambols of the little human creature with inscrutable eyes.

Did the frail inheritor of the coming years stir in them the impotent jealousy of the greatly fallen, as they brood over the majestic past that all but they have forgotten? Certainly their presence was not wholly free of menace. Dark sarcophagi, with massive covers suspended, yawned wide as though to swallow him up; a huge clenched fist of red granite, the fragment of some buried Colossus, seemed to threaten his little frame.

Only a stiffly seated couple, neither gods nor monsters, but a priest and his wife, were made gladder by the sight of David, and they were plainly lovers still. There was tenderness in the clasp of their mutilated hands, and their faces, at once composed and wistful, seemed for a moment to lighten, to quiver with parental longing as the unheeding babe ran by them.

David and his mother reached the end of the gallery, and then she abruptly captured her boy, and hurried him out of it as fast as his little feet would move. The one who alone could have made this dead world tolerable to her—nay, delightful—was not there, and a horror of it seized suddenly upon her mind. The impulse which had brought her to the Museum flickered out; her little house of dreams, intangible and frailly bright as gossamer, collapsed within her—foundations it had never had—and common sense spoke audibly among the ruins.

"We'll go straight home. I'm a fool, but at least I know I am a fool!" she thought, as they retraced their steps. It was clearly useless to expect success of one perfunctory ramble; unless she was prepared to haunt the place continually and thoroughly, she could not hope to meet her friend again.

Such a course was impossible to a steady young matron, devoid of natural deviltry, and unpractised in subterfuge. Almost ruefully she perceived in herself a total absence of the talent for intrigue! For her it would be Clapham and whiskers to the end.

"Mummy! Mummy!" David, hanging back, planted his feet and tugged at his mother to make her stop.

"What is it?" she asked, thus recalled from self-scrutiny.

"*Daddy!*" cried the infant triumphantly, and pointed with his free hand.

She now became aware that they were in a corridor communicating with the entrance, and that their progress was being watched by the empty orbs of a long line of marble busts, ranged against the inner wall.

Caracalla, Tiberius, Faustina—she knew the significance of such names as these, even had it not been clearly set forth on the pedestals. They were in the presence of the Cæsars.

Dejected as she was, that awe-inspiring vista of imperial profiles, savage, sordid, gloomy, visionary, or merely weak, as the case might be, would have roused her flagging energies. She would have admired the calm beauty of the young Augustus; she would have longed to part and brush the tangled locks of Hadrian, and to arrange a more modern *coiffure* for that Empress Herennia whose sprightly face, suddenly discovered in such company, so pleasantly moves the beholder.

But this David was not minded to permit.

"Daddy!" he repeated eagerly, dragging her towards the bust nearest to him, which, unlike the rest, was not in white marble.

She looked.

Bent slightly forward and to one side, upon a short thick neck where

the fat lay in ample folds, the head of a man, brutal, cunning, and still young, gazed past her as though in sinister reverie.

The pedestal bore the words:

"Lucius Domitius Nero."

Never before had she seen a bust at once so handsome and so repulsive; nor a material better fitted to suggest sensual cruelty than the dull red porphyry in which it was carved. The sight made her shiver with genuine fear.

"Daddy!" said David again.

"Silly boy! It's not Daddy!" she exclaimed, tartly, and then she saw that the brightest child in Acacia Road had not been caught napping. For what added a singular horror to the face, alone among those imperial faces, and yet linked it indubitably to the mild features of him of Burford's Bank, was the adornment of a pair of fine red porphyry side-whiskers.

These framed the fleshy cheeks in a manner indescribably dreadful to the young mother. Never before had she seen vice and respectability literally cheek by jowl, nor realized the awful possibilities of whisker-wearing countenances. Whiskers to her were frumpy suburban things, but they were at any rate the monopoly of honest men and true; she had now to learn how remarkably wicked they could be!

She turned away from the offending bust, for it struck at her whole experience of life, and summoned by such an obvious cue once more the head of Sam rose upon her mind's eye. A more rebellious wife than she could not have failed to moralize upon the contrast.

Sam was not handsome like Nero, but neither was he fat and cruel; his was the honorably skinny neck of an abstemious man; his expression was dull, not from the weariness of sated excess, but because the fire fades out of eyes that are bent year in and year out upon a ledger.

Was she less than just to him, she wondered? Did she admire dash so much as to undervalue the homely virtues?

So she stood awhile, and let conscience prick her, and David fidget at her hand, while her abstracted gaze rested with a new sympathy upon that familiar "portrait of a gentleman, half-length, morning dress," which day by day confronted her across the eggs and bacon. By comparison with the features of interesting strangers gray-eyed and romantically bearded, Sam's lineaments were humdrum indeed; it needed all the rich wickedness of a Nero to reveal to her, what now she dimly saw, their worth, nay! their modest charm.

"*Fanny!*" said a well-known voice behind her, in incredulous amazement.

She started violently, turned, and beheld the authentic Sam himself.

"Oh, Sam!" For a moment, in her surprise and panic, she could find no other words. How had he come here? Did he suspect her? To her timid soul it was like the beginning of the Judgment Day.

But this husband had no "flair" for the souls' secrets of other people. His "What on earth brings you here, little woman?" was perfectly matter-of-fact, and reassured her.

"I was shopping at Oxley's for Baby, you know," she faltered, "and I brought him in here out of the rain." Then, with an effort of gaiety: "What brings *you* here, I might say?" she added.

"Yes, and well you may!" said Sam. "I never was in the Museum in all my days before. But the governor sent me to our Bloomsbury branch on urgent business, and as I got through it sooner than he expected me, I slipped in here for a moment on my way back. It was you put it into my head; you

told me you had enjoyed yourself so much here the other day. And before I've been five minutes in the place, I meet you and the boy. Well, to be sure!"

He seized his son as he spoke, and tossed the child on to his shoulder, from which point of vantage David surveyed the Cæsars with genial majesty.

"Well, Sam, let's go now, if you don't mind. He is tired, and so am I."

Something in his wife's voice struck the proud father, and he looked at her curiously.

"Fanny, you are crying," he said, putting his hand on her arm.

"I'm not!"

"But you are, my dear. What's this?"

He spoke so kindly that two tears which, true enough, had gathered in her soft eyes, fell, and, sparkling in their fall, betrayed her.

"It's nothing," she said weakly. "But I think the Museum is a dreadful place. The things are so old and creepy, and you see such horrible faces."

"Cheer up, Fanny, they are all dead!" said the philosopher, indicating the long series of the Cæsars with a wave of his hand.

"Yes, but they were alive once."

"You want a cup o' tea," said he concisely.

. . . . . .

Ah! it was good to take his arm and bend her steps towards the restaurant which lurks so invitingly near those same Assyrian bulls. (David, too, being replaced upon the floor to the sound of the words "sponge-cakes," recovered his native ardor, and Sam having turned back his little kobold's hood, his golden-brown curls gleamed out for the rejoicing of the weary ancients as he toddled forward.) She had not realized what a relief it would be to see Sam again—so sweet a relief that she almost forgot she had been disappointed of her object in coming there. He was alive, he was kind, he was hers; and her heart was heavy with the weight of the immemorial past, and the dead hopes and sorrows of those long-vanished races.

Once they too loved the sunlight, and laughed, and had little children about them. And now, what remained to tell the tale but these cryptic and unlovely relics? Who remembered the Cæsars themselves, she thought, except unwilling schoolboys and gazers in museums? That old world no longer counted; it was as utterly withered as roses that blossomed in Egypt four thousand Aprils since. And this, her little world? It was Clapham, and, like imperial Rome, must perish; but it was her own, the warm world of to-day; and it contained her home; and David, that priceless jewel; and Sam, staid perhaps, but how kind, how faithful! And David was the eternal spring itself, the heir of time, the unfolding bud that draws its beauty, its promise, from the buried past it knows not!

So the inner voice spoke wisdom to her, while the Present, loyal, loving, walked beside her, dropping cheery nothings in her half-attentive ear; and before her ran the Future in the person of her little son.

E. H. Lidderdale.

The Cornhill Magazine.

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THE GLACIER.

"This," said Francesca, "is your excursion, and I refuse to bear any responsibility for its consequences."

"Consequences!" I said. "What consequences can there be?"

"I have already," she said, "got a blister on my right foot, and my throat is choked with dust."

"I admit that, in a sense, these are consequences, but I am bound to point out that you must bear them yourself. I cannot change feet or throats with you."

"I don't want you to," she said with dignity; "but why have we hired a carriage?"

"We have ordered a carriage," I said, "in order that it might precede us as we ascend these steep Swiss roads. It makes a dust; but what of that? It is a comfort to know that the carriage is there."

"For all the good we've had out of it, it might just as well not have been there," she said. "Two hours have gone by since we started and we have not been in it for more than ten minutes."

"And that is due to the kindness of our hearts. We cannot bear to inflict unnecessary suffering on the horses."

"Then we should have left them in the stables."

"No, for then we should not have had the beautiful consciousness of self-sacrifice. It is for the sake of the horses that your foot is blistered and your throat parched. Let this thought console you as you limp through the dust."

"But you," she said, "have no such consolations; and that is what annoys me."

"Francesca, you are an unselfish creature; but if both my feet were one solid blister your pain would be the same."

"Then there's the coachman," she said. "Why doesn't he get off his box and walk sometimes?"

"He is a fat coachman," I said, and, once on the box-seat, he prefers to stay there. Though I am myself a slim man, I can understand his preference. Perhaps his doctors have told him that carriage exercise is good for him."

"In that case he ought to pay *us* thirty francs instead of our paying him."

"I will mention it to him." I said, "if you like; but I do not think he will look favorably on the suggestion. They are a grasping lot, these Swiss coachmen, and the law protects them."

"What I am asking myself," said Francesca, "is why we came out on this excursion at all."

"We came," I said, "to see a glacier."

"Pooh!" she said. "What is a glacier?"

"A glacier," I said, "is a sea of ice. That is to say, it is not the sort of ice that you know. It is made of snow. It is always there——"

"Then all I can say is that we could easily have gone some other day, or even imagined it. The things I want to see are the things that are not always there—earthquakes, avalanches and that sort of thing."

"If money could buy an earthquake, you should have it on the spot. But this glacier is not so constantly there——"

"You said it was."

"It is not so constantly there as you seem to think. It moves, you know—only a few inches a day, I fancy, but still it moves."

"But we shan't see the silly thing move?"

"No," I said, "perhaps not; but it is grand to know that it can get along

without our seeing it. Francesca, there are crevasses in a glacier."

"Page 45 of 'Physical Geography for Beginners.'"

"In face of this great blind natural force your flippancy is misplaced. If, for instance, I fell into a crevasse to-day, and you came back to this glacier forty years hence——"

"I should come in a carriage, you know," said Francesca cheerfully. "I shouldn't walk."

"Yes," I said, "you would probably come in a carriage. Then you would stand at the edge of the glacier and let your mind stray back over forty sad years."

"I've lost my handkerchief," said Francesca.

"You always have. And while you stood there you would suddenly see amongst the stones a gold watch and a large boot with nails in it. That would be me—I mean, those melancholy relics would be all that was left of——"

"You unwoman me," said Francesca. "All the same," she added, "I can't help saying this glacier of yours is a very slow worker, and, if you wanted me to admire it, you haven't succeeded."

"Look! There it is," I said, pointing across the gorge.

"Call *that* a glacier!" she said. "It's about as big as a large tablecloth."

"Anyhow," I said sharply, "that's all the glacier you'll get to-day. If you wanted something bigger you should have said so. Personally, I admire it very much."

"I don't," said Francesca.

R. C. L.

Punch.

YOSHIHITO: THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH MIKADO.

In the mere yellowness of Yoshihito who recently at the shrine of Ise reported to the first of his ancestors his accession to the throne of Japan, one writer in the German press sees the direst of warnings. Yoshihito, this observer would have us know, is the yellow peril incarnate. The spirit of his reign will be "Bushido," or the way of warriors. Yoshihito, if the impressions of the French be accurate, feels that his realm has now little to learn from the western world. Japan can build her own battleships and equip her own armies. She must westernize less and Nipponize more. This, observes a well informed authority is the explanation of that word "enlightenment," which in its Japanese equivalent, designates the era ushered in when Yoshihito assumed the sovereignty. He is summed up by observers in Tokyo whose impressions enliven the European press as subtle, Oriental, inscrutable. At the age of thirty-three, he manifests piety of the ancestor-worshipping kind and a deference to Europeans which, we read, cannot deceive the diplomatic corps. The new reign is seemingly to be a reaction from the forces that made his father Mutsuhito welcome the civilization of Europe. It is not that Japan will revert to her past. Yoshihito is too profound for such a display of folly. But those who have studied his career as Crown Prince see in his policy a veiled hostility to things European. Japan, having learned all the West can teach, will dismiss her preceptor and apply the lessons in most unexpected ways. Yoshihito is to see to that.

Generosity is the personal attribute which all members of the court circle most delight in referring to as the new Japanese sovereign's salient trait. The characteristic of generosity is re-

garded, as the highest that a lord of the thousand isles can possess, if we recall the titles posthumously bestowed on many of Nippon's most revered monarchs. There were in the early days, for example, Sui-jin, O-jin and others whose fame as beneficent rulers will never fade, the word jin in all these titles being but the Chinese equivalent of the Japanese word hito, signifying generous, large-hearted, benevolent. The same affix is seen in the names of many of the sovereign's relatives, as in Prince Takehito, and in Mutsuhito, the late ruler of the land. Yoshi, the first syllables of the imperial name, signifies many glorious personal attributes too and the sovereign evinces all these—enlightenment, wisdom of the spiritual and earthly sort and all mortal graces. As the incarnation of Yamato Damashee, the lord of the thousand isles must live out his name, and as Yamato Damashee defies human power to interpret it—being itself the blush of the morning peak at sunrise—so the name of Yoshi can not be understood. It is too beautiful.

Something more than symbolism underlies the significance of Yoshihito as the descendant of the imperial ancestors, embodying in himself all their virtues and all their rights and duties. His piety alone qualifies him as the central figure of the whole system of ancestor worship. Yoshihito possesses what in the western world would be deemed the pious mind. No prince has been more assiduous in worship of the first imperial ancestor in the places consecrated to that devotion. He has contemplated himself in the divine mirror a thousand times. The mirror was given to the first imperial ancestor "accompanied by the injunction that her descendants should look upon that mirror as representing her soul and should worship it as herself." Yoshihito's first glimpse of the divine mirror was obtained at the imperial palace; but since its removal to the temple of Ise he has repaired thither often through that spirit of devotion which seems ever to animate him. The pious visit the temple of Ise at least once in the course of a lifetime. It is to Japanese what Mecca is to Mohammedans. Yoshihito reports every great event of his career to the first imperial ancestress through the medium of a personal visit.

From the most impressionable period of boyhood until his marriage, Yoshihito devoted himself to an unremitting pursuit of holy exercises. When his selection as heir to the throne of the late Mutsuhito was confirmed through the death of the primary consort's offspring, the pious and exemplary youth, slept without a flower in his room to attest his grief! Assiduous perusal of the sacred classics henceforth ceased to be his privilege. He pined away. Long it seemed that the extreme delicacy of his health as he grew through his teens would carry off this descendant of Jimmu. He was a sickly youth at the college devoted to the education of the flower of the nobility. Yet he learned French, which he speaks with ease, and even English, a tongue never entirely familiar to him. He speaks it prettily, in truth, in staccato notes, thus: "Will-you-come-to-Japan-eze-din-ner-in-for-mal-ly?" The German officers who initiated him into the mysteries of military tactics speak highly of his intelligence, but he never could negotiate a sword. His perseverance with the weapon was sublime in view of the way he sprawled at full length whenever it got between his legs. His Majesty excels in no western accomplishment.

Yoshihito impresses one as temperamentally nervous and even timid. His smile, pleasant but infrequent, reveals rows of very well kept teeth, rather large. The dark eyes rove hither and

thither in a slightly furtive fashion, but their expression is kind and intelligent. The Asiatic origin of the prince is betrayed by the shape of these eyes typically almond in their deep-seated sockets. The royal complexion is given as unusually dark, even for a Nipponese, but very clear, "a sort of weak tea in hue, with suggestions of agreeable gold." Yoshihito has not the majesty of tallness and he tends to lose the slender outline which made him so soldier-like in the uniform he wears at palace receptions. The prediction is made by some that the lord of the thousand isles must soon get fat unless he places himself upon a rigid diet. That is not thought likely. He is too fond of western delicacies. He keeps a French cook, like the Premier, Marquis Saion-ji, whose literary and esthetic tastes he shares.

Positive as have been the statements that Yoshihito is the son of the late Mikado by a primary wife—the lovely Haru-Ko or "Springtime"—we learn from French dailies that his Majesty's mother is really Yena Kiwara, sprung from the old Kyoto nobility. She enjoys no royal rank, not even a social position in the western sense. Her remarkable beauty and intelligence fascinated the late Mutsuhito to such an extent, it would seem, that he often abandoned his classical tutors to spend delicious hours in her society. This lady managed to acquire English in a manner unexplained. Her literary aptitudes appealed to the late Emperor, himself a poet. Yoshihito was fully eight years of age before the possibility of his acceding to the throne seemed more than remote. His beautiful mother nearly lost her life while he was cutting his teeth, the process bringing on convulsions which led to reports that the child was epileptic. There is no foundation for such an idea, however. Yoshihito, like so many children of extreme delicacy, has grown into a robust manhood and into his mother's beauty—using the term in a strictly Japanese sense. The lady's skin is yellow and her eyes slant. She is also little. These physical traits have been handed on to the sovereign.

From his mother the Mikado derives not only physical traits and a nervous temperament, but his extreme piety. Yoshihito is an artist, however, as well as a priest. As his father made verses, he makes pictures. No one, apparently, can gaze upon these works of art unless his lineage extends back several centuries. They are said to be executed in the traditional Japanese fashion—a ship climbing some monstrous wave, a moon below the horizon and a heron flying over all. Whatever credit attaches to these masterpieces should be given to the sovereign's mother. The lady plies her brush or pencil to this day, if we may accept one report. Another tells us that she has been dead several years. Such details are secrets of the royal house, never imparted to the profane until the sacred conditions are fulfilled. A painting by the emperor, or even a morsel of bread from a slice he had bitten, is venerated. Once, it seems, a sketch of his fell into the hands of an elder statesman, now deceased. The picture was cut into a dozen pieces and distributed among members of the family as a precious possession for ever. The artistic value was lost, but the spiritual efficacy adhered to each fragment.

Two sharply differentiated lives are led by Yoshihito. One is called by the Paris *Matin* his half civilized existence, while the other is his affectation of European culture. Each must be lived at the great palace of carved wood which overlooks all Tokyo. The gorgeous apartments here are contrived like scenes in a play to stage the two-act scenario of the dual life. The

state suites—lofty, spacious, heavy in grandeur—that run the full length of one side of the palace, might have been transferred from Potsdam or the Tuileries, so far as the observing eye absorbs the glittering detail of rich rug, upholstered sofa and draped window. These vast chambers are lighted and heated with all the cunning and luxury of the West whence they come. Every Japanese woman in the aristocratic throng from the Empress to the wife of the humblest subaltern is gowned, corseted and coiffured with that meticulous regard for all lines of the figure which characterizes perfect ladies. Each Japanese male seems aggressively western in the cut of his dress-suit or the braid on his gilt-buttoned uniform. Even the servants are tricked out in the livery of silk and plush which so subdues the mind in the homes of the British aristocracy.

Moving with unaffected dignity among the throngs of diplomats, high officers of the army and ladies whose deportment realizes the last shriek of the century Yoshihito never suggests by so much as the parting of the locks that dignify his temple an origin less European than that of the Hapsburg dynasty itself. Western civilization sits upon Yoshihito, it seems, as the eagle sits upon some lofty crag or as the dew glitters on the morning grass! It seems to belong there. One feels that Yoshihito has not adopted civilization. One feels that civilization has not adopted him. One feels only that civilization has enlarged and perfected itself by embracing him. See! Yoshihito is bowing before that ambassador's wife. In what a western fashion he accomplishes this typically western feat. Could the sun-king, who took off his hat to every chambermaid, seem more completely civilized? Never! Yoshihito's great triumph is when the coffee comes. He sips it naturally, even takes more. The beverage sickened Mutsuhito, his father, who drank it only to seem civilized in the presence of the diplomatic corps.

As the artistic gifts of the new Mikado find little favor with the clansmen, who deem such trifling fit only for women, his Majesty has gone in for polo. He became an expert under the tuition of his father, who dearly loved the game. Yoshihito has not the physical endurance of the departed sovereign, however. He finds exercise in comparatively tame pursuits like battledore and shuttlecock, tennis and even checkers. His social life seems far more Japanese than was that of the great ruler who has gone before him to the heaven of all their ancestors. This is conjectured to be one result of the Mikado's extreme piety, which keeps him each day within the imperial sanctuary, before the shrine of the august spirits of the ancestors. These devotions, lasting occasionally for hours, require divine harmonies as a sign of respect for the dead. This melody is always weird, being evoked from instruments as primitive as those of Jubal. It is said to plunge his majesty into a species of ecstacy, throughout which his countenance is transfigured. The experience concludes by a general quaffing of the sacred sake, a beverage most palatable to the potentate. Before he prays Yoshihito bathes in hot water and he prays at least thrice a day.

Most arresting of all the details concerning the consort of Yoshihito which his sudden elevation elicits is the particular that she "has no arms and no legs." The phrase is a technicality of the dressmaker's. The Japanese Empress, we regret to note, looks a fright in the sartorial sense. She cannot be fitted. She is too scrawny. The picture hat is a sheer impossibility to her. Efforts of the patient and painstaking kind to teach her the art of

carrying a train, of wearing the gored skirt, result in nothing. She cannot sit down. She cannot walk. This phraseology, to repeat, is not employed literally with reference to any physiological function. It denotes simply the inadequacy of the Empress in regard to form and fashion. Many a weary hour has she lived through in the royal palace striving to westernize herself upon the model of a fashion plate. There is a high-born dame from a European land now in the imperial suite whose task is to initiate the Empress into every mystery—even that of the corset. The result is frankly discouraging. Sada Kujio—that being her Majesty's name—is incorrigibly Nipponese.

When the consort of Yoshihito yielded her first-born to the surgeons, that his eyes might be corrected out of the almond characteristic, she shed tears. The operation was successful. The present heir to the throne of Japan, now nearly twelve, has round eyes. There are other children all with corrected organs of sight. There are likewise other consorts, their titles being secondary. The royal household, however, to use a euphemism, is conducted upon European lines. The sovereign has, for purposes of civilization, but one wife.

The Hindustan Review.

DOGGEREL.

Pegasus, being a creature of sensitiveness and caprice, at times frets at his golden bridle, refuses to mount into the intense inane. A stubborn scurry of wings ensues, a clatter of hoofs upon stones, the sound perhaps of a strong man "struggling with a word"; and the term for that particular cacophony is doggerel. Mine host on the road to Canterbury, more than five centuries ago, was deceived in his fellow pilgrim of the "elvish" countenance. He fumed in his saddle until the fifth stanza of the second "fit" of Sir Thopas:—

Sir Thopas was a doghty swayn;
Whit was his face as payndemayn,
His lippes rede as rose;
His rode is lyk scarlet in grayn,
And I yow telle in good certayn
He hadde a semely nose.

And then his contempt for this "drasty speche" could contain itself no longer: "Na moore of this, for Goddes dignitie!" he cried. "'This may wel be rym dogerel,' quod he." "'It is the beste rym I ken,'" was the meek reply. But there are two kinds of rym dogerel. Doggerel—in the summary definition of the Oxford Dictionary—may be an epithet applied to comic or burlesque verse, usually in irregular rhythm, or to a verse mean, trivial, or undignified. The fastidious critic takes small pleasure in either variety. He chafes at "a pitiful defence of poor poetry." It would enlarge his sphere of legitimate pleasure, however, even deepen his capacity of appreciation of true poetry, if he could be happy with either. Take a little volume published only the other day:—

"Thank God!" says she, as brave Lonnaire,
With deftness and a cunning rare
Grips hold and quickly hauls himself
Upon the raft like some strange elf.
"Thank God!" says she—"Great God!"
—and then—
Oh! how can this be writ by pen?—
Aghast she stands, her frenzied stare
Is fixed upon the brave Lonnaire.
"Thank God!" repeats the glad Lonnaire,
"That I am with you here to share
The dangers of this ocean wild;
For I will save both you and child.
Cheer up! and fear me not, for I
Will land you both soon high and dry!"

What wonder "holy wedlock" turned the key "upon an earthly mystery"! Hardly a week passes but some such flower of fancy fades unseen—

Loved I in my distant boyhood
For the blood is hot in Spring;
I endorse the poet's theory,
Woman's love's a fatal thing.

Sentiments thus expressed give us to feel, perhaps, in Sidney's phrase, "how many headaches a passionate life bringeth us too." "And when the music sweet had died away I murmured much and longed to leave my clay." Unfortunately poetry is not merely a matter of good intentions, or even of high seriousness. But still of this order of doggerel it is not flattery to affirm that it is bad poetry, not merely bad verse. It is an efflorescence of the feelings, not of the intellect. Within its hope lie all the joys and graces of true poetry. Its snow-clad peaks are at least in sight. Actually it need but be yeasty prose cut up into lengths with a rhyme here and there at the end of them. Potentially it may be anything. It rests with the fickle Muse: "The spirit of Poësie is silver shod, And it is partly me, and wholly God," as another modern modestly expresses it. It may fitfully smoulder with imagination. Its velocity, as the elder Disraeli said of that rude railing rhymer, the "beastly Skelton"—"its velocity may have a carol of its own." It may fall, as Skelton frequently does, into a cadence worthy of that exquisite musician, Thomas Campion. And, "however rudely raine beaten, rusty and moughte eaten," it is certain to have some pyth. But whether it be the achievement of an over-ripe culture, or the crude, hobbledehoy toora-loora-lido jargon of that once renowned and now all but effete ballad-monger, Jack Bull, the worse it is the better it is.

Samuel Butler was a master of the other kind of doggerel; but the blind, solemn *naïveté*, the beatific idiocy, sentimentality, and bathos of unintentional doggerel was out of his reach. And

Who would not give all else for two p
Ennyworth only of beautiful Soup?

Damning the dull fiend a thousand times, and without Herrick's patience, who, when impulse failed, simply "over-read" what he had writ, Butler was often tempted to forswear all rhymes, simply because he was an artist and could not endure a "dull epithet." The true doggrelizer is placidly, seraphically unaware that his epithets are dull. He lisps in numbers from a native infirmity. But the arch and skilful pseudo-doggrelist is hardly less at the mercy of mere inspiration, for no rational being can sit down at any moment and pour out rich, unctuous, galumptious doggerel worthy of the name. He will need to submit himself to a vigilant (and arduous) absence of mind. He must endeavor not to conceal art, but the premeditated lack of it. He must take infinite pains to take none. In short, he must—like the creator of the Yonghy Bonghy Bo—be a child of genius and positively crammed with ideas:—"Saith the poet of Nonsense, Thoughts into my head do come Thick as flies upon a plum." He just "breaks out":—

Why, or when, or which, or what
Or who, or where, is the Akhond of
Swat,—óh *whât*
Is the Akhond of Swat.

Is he tall or short or dark or fair?
Does he sit on a throne, or a sofa or
chair,—or *squat?*
The Akhond of Swat.

Does he live upon Turnip, tea, or
tripe?
Does he like his shawls to be marked
with a stripe,—or a *spot?*
The Akhond of Swat.

And so on till the rhyme gives out—but not the well-spring, that crystal, perennial geyser of Ajoskybosky-baysoness. But Lears and Carrolls are

as rare fruits upon the tree of life as Blakes and Shelleys. Not less instantly than the magic of Coleridge their nonsense enchants the mind out of the arid rut of the ordinary into a world of freedom and delight. They spirit us back, not into an irrevocable past, but into the ever-present, ever-new, and lovely realm of childhood, where dwells that best of all the Messrs. Anon—the poet who squandered a rare imagination and romance on that supreme doggerel, the Nursery Rhymes—a poet so artless that he never breathed a word how artful he truly was, so selfless as to leave himself utterly out of his work. Merely a blaze on a thick-leaved wayside tree in the starlit and solitary Woods of Fantasy, and he is gone:—

"How many miles to Babylon?"
"Threescore and ten."
"Shall I get there by candle light?"
"Ay, and back again."

That candle shines only in dream, only in dream that Babylon rears its terrifically distant, uncrumbling walls. But this is inspired doggerel. The more self-conscious and reasonable we are the less our impulse is likely to be to jig and guffaw and take our natural ease in this shining region of moonshine, with Puck and Bottom for company, and the March Hare in the brake. Great wits only distantly allied to this midsummer order of madness have done their ingenious best to doggrelize. Swift, with the love of Stella in his heart, could jot down offhand whimsical lovable verses, half-serious, half-jocose. "Accept for once some serious lines," he says, and is just his unlabored inmost self awhile. But his mere rhyming bouts with Sheridan and the rest (39 monstrous efforts to ring the changes on music—Jew sick; hue, sick, &c.) blotted off against time, farced with puns which too often make merely dull and coarse things intolerable by a thin veneer of wit, are lifeless things by comparison with true doggerel, whether ingenuous or intentional. Even "their King's Majesties Water-poet and Queen's Waterman" John Taylor—a vain, confirmed and, it must be confessed, rather tedious doggreller, was nearer orthodoxy:—

Thus do I make a hotch-potch of Nonsense
In dark enigmas and strange sense upon sense:
It is not foolish all, nor is it wise all,
Nor is it true in all, nor is it lies all.

Water-poet's or Swift's, such doggerel is feebleness itself compared with Skelton's. He grew remorseful, it is true, for a very real kind of good works, "suppleyng to Fame," in a penitent moment, to "scrape out the scrollis, Apollo to rase out of her ragman rollis." But give his doggerel its just pause and gravity, it can be as beautiful as it is serious:—

I haue well espyde
No man may him hyde
From Deth holow eyed . . .
To whom, then, shall we sew,
For to have rescew,
But to swete Jesu,
On vs then for to rew?
O goodly chyld
Of Mary mylde,
Then be our shylde!

His light-hearted tenderness, his humanity, that kind of innocent, merrily immodest humor of his, and an occasional obscenity that should be free of offence to men and women who know what it is to be women and men—all this is at its best in the fresh aromatic "Garlande of Laurell" with mayden Isabell, merry Margarete, and maistres Marjery for theme, and above all in the delicious "Phyllip Sparowe":—

It had a velvet cap,
And wold syt vpon my lap,
And seke after small wormes,
And somtyme white bred crommes;
And many times and ofte
Betwene my brestes softe
It wolde lye and rest;
It was propre and prest.

Somtyme he wolde gaspe
Whan he sawe a waspe;
A fly or a gnat,
He wolde flye at that;
And prytely he wold pant
Whan he saw an ant;
Lorde, how he wolde pry
After the butterfly!
Lorde, how he wolde hop
After the gressop!
And whan I sayd, Phyp, Phyp,
Than he wold lepe and skyp,
And take me by the lyp.
Alas, it wyll me slo (*i.e.*, slay)
That Phillyp is gone me fro!
Si in i qui ta tes,
Alas, I was euyll at ease!
De pro fun dis cla ma vi,
Whan I sawe my sparowe dye!

It is not easy to decide into which of Dr. Murray's classes of doggerel Skelton's should be consigned. He shines and smokes, clearly and dingily, in both. He never took obvious pains, though he could heap up learning, whip in macaronics, and pack with mordant satire his ragged rhymes. As soon, indeed, as pronounced finish and polish and too much taking of thought become manifest, honest doggerel puts off his dusty shoes, is asked into the best parlor for sherry and biscuits, promptly expires, and is beatified and frenchified into *vers de société*. But though as deep a gulf is fixed between doggerel and so-called occasional verse as between "verse" and poetry, a few fortunate authors have enjoyed an occasional turn on the tight-rope between them. A topsy-turvyfication of talent and an auspicious moment are all that is necessary. Or:

The poet divine, that cannot reach wine,
Because that his money doth many times fail,
Will hit on the Vein to make a good strain,
If he be but inspired with a Pot of Good Ale.

There is the rich, grotesque, at times sinister, treasury of Barham's helter skelter quizzicalities to rifle:—

Mamma means to enclose
Two white "wipes" for your nose;
As your purse may be run rather hard.
I shall also attack her
To augment your exchequer
With a Sovereign, stuck in a card.

That is a royal way of speaking "roughly to you little boy," and one thoroughly after the heart of that universal tipster Thackeray, who could also indulge an arch and succulent talent:—"The Pope he is a happy man, His palace is the Vatican, And there he sits and drains his can . . ." The whole rhyme approaches a little too nearly the dainty "triolet and Round O," whereas the button of Billy's chemie, in the ballad of Gorging Jack and Guzzling Jimmy, is a positive bull's eye. Ruskin, too, who (somewhat long-windedly) considered "the meritorious rhythmic cadence of 'Dame Wiggins of Lee' not, in its way, imitable," boldly supplemented that cantering classic, and delighted in pig rhymes "made to amuse Joan."

If little pigs (*i.e.* J.R.) when evening dapples,
With fading cloud her autumn sky,—
Set out in search of Norman Chapels,
And find, instead, where cliffs are high,
Half-way from Amiens to Etaples,
A castle full of pears and apples,
On donjon floors laid out to dry;
—Green jargonelles, and apples tenny—
And find their price is five a penny,
If little pigs, then, buy too many,
Spare to those little pigs a sigh.

And yet it is clear—even in the company of Thackeray and Ruskin—that the air has become a little rarefied. We are indoors. The words are set in almost too delightful proportion. Ink is about. The ready and serious writer is only on a minute's holiday; he is only whispering Pegasus in the ear; while true doggerel may be the grave devotion of a wasted lifetime. Even Gilbert, even Hood, Calverley, Lowell,

an occasional Ancient or Modern Hymn (alas!), even Mr. Belloc—though his was the ill-fated aunt in Yucatan, his the unbreathable gnu—even Mr. Belloc has other fish to fry:—

"My value," William Blood began,
  Is ludicrously small.
I think I am the vilest man
  That treads this earthly ball;
My head is weak, my heart is cold,
I'm ugly, vicious, vulgar, old,
Unhealthy, short, and fat.
I cannot speak, I cannot work,
I have the temper of a Turk,
  And cowardly at that.

"The Modern Traveller" is doggerel right enough; but it is satirical and so cannot be positively *frabjous*. And after all, back to the old black-letter broadsides we must go—doggerel nut and husk, milk and rough together—leaving the laureates and the stylists and satirists in the lurch, if we are really to revel in a doggerel naive, naked, and unadorned. Their very titles have a kind of Englishness, a verdure, a raciness and music, past imitation:—"Love in a Maze; or, the Young Man put to his Dumps," "The Fox Chace; or, the Huntsman's Harmony," "All you that cry O hone, O hone, come now and sing O hone with me," "Faire fall all good Tokens," "The Bride's Good-morrow," "A Pretty Ballad of the Lord of Lorn," "The Lamentation of *George Strangwidge*," "Death's Loud Allarum," or "Death's Dance: To be sung to a Pleasant New Tune, call'd Oh, no, no, no, not yet, or The Meddow brow":—

If death would come and show his face,
  as he dare shew his power,
And sit at many a rich man's place
  both every day and houre!——

And suchlike hearty sentiments. Shakespeare poked fun enough at these old doggrelizers, but he'd learnt them and their trade by heart. What could surpass the winning unpretentiousness of Hamlet's ballad of the Judge of Israel —"Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?"

. . . It came to pass, the wars was
  o'er,
And he returned with victory;
His dear and only daughter
  first of all
Came to meet her father foremostly:
  And all the way,
  She did play
On tabret and pipe,
  Full many a stripe,
With notes so high,
For joy that her father is
  come so nigh. . . .

But the old doggreler could be poet true when his wits, metre, and rhymes gave him the chance. Concision, distance, real vision are in this stanza from "The Patient Countess":—

Once hunted he untill the chace,
  Long fasting, and the heat
Did house him in a peakish graunge
  Within a forest great.

What a stroke is "peakish"! Or take the lorn and frenzied lover, tossing on his bed:—"One while he spred his armes him fro, one while he spred them nye"; or summer woods:—"It is merrye walking in the fayre forest, To heare the small birdes singe"; or the jocund page in "The Child of Elle."

Over the border we must go for true glamourie and witchcraft; but the English minstrels knew well what onset means:—"Princes that be prowde in prese," "Sweet *England's* pride is gone, *welladay! welladay*," "Come, Love, let's walke into the Springe," "As ferre as men ride or gane," or

You Batchelors that brave it so gallant
  in the street,
With Muske and with Rose water,
  Smelling all so sweet,
With Shooes of Spanish leather, so
  feately to your feet
  Behold me a married man!

We shall never quite recapture this old strain. The magic wood-way forked. And one turning leads the pilgrim, *via*

"Vilikens and his Dinah," "The Rat-catcher's Daughter," "The One Horse Chay," and breadths of humor more natural than nice, to the fustian of the music-hall; the other to the at times too-too fastidious and faultless verse of yesteryear. Possibly if our newest and youngest poets would forget their art, the nice reviewer, and the stupidity of the public awhile, they might re-discover this queer old fascinating Eldorado; they might lure back this workaday world, flesh, and devil into their verses—the world they are apt to contemn, the flesh they are apt to exoticize, the devil they rarely raise. If but one ardent and gifted minor might suffer martyrdom in a cause of such real virtue and efficacy! Doggerel that proves such a feast in the reading must be amazingly good fun in the writing. And the artless doggrelist would win an inalienable reward.

The Times.

THE CULT OF THE DIFFICULT.

One of the most common of those "popular fallacies" to which Charles Lamb might have given his attention is that what is good is always "difficult" of attainment, and that the most difficult is best. This error no doubt owes something of its popularity with sages and school-masters to a false application of the copy-book tag "Facilis est descensus Averni," from which it has been easily and erroneously inferred that "the upward way" is correspondingly steep. There is, indeed, little doubt that the gospel of difficulty has been preached too often and too strenuously, or at least that it has never been delivered with enough explanation. For the tag does not mean, as it is generally read, that a thing is good or valuable in direct ratio to its difficulty, that a thing is good because it is difficult, or that because it is easy it is therefore bad. A man is no doubt to be felicitated who succeeds in a worthy object in the teeth of opposition, and in accomplishing that which seemed impossible. But his object itself is no better for that difficulty, and, as a rule, those who praise a man on this account regard his success as a sort of conjuring or acrobatic feat, and praise him for nothing else. Now, on the contrary, it may be objected that if a man experiences real difficulty or pain in the process of doing anything, it is, in nine cases out of ten, because he is not doing the right thing or is not doing it in the right way, and that his difficulty arises only from this fact. If a man has found his vocation, or is doing what Nature directs him to do, his work, instead of being a burden, will be a joy and delight. There is, indeed, no happiness to equal that of a man who is doing what he feels to be (not necessarily always what he is told *is*) his duty, or is exercising his abilities to their natural end. The task which lies before him may involve many years of labor, but if his end itself be worthy and sufficient it will not be difficult. In fact, the entire fallacy in the common notion arises from not observing the distinction between diligence and difficulty. Labor it may be, and generally is (in Johnsonese), "necessary to excellence," but difficulty is not.

Now, difficulty, in its real sense, arises only when one is pressing in the wrong direction, or is wasting his energy in trying to do what it is impossible for him to do. It is Nature's danger-signal, equivalent to "Thou shalt not," a warning-off from what is injurious or impossible, like a bitter

taste in bad food, or the pain which follows from disobedience of Nature in some direction. An example of this may be found in that embarrassment and difficulty which any man or woman may discover in trying to write a poem or story, when there is no natural aptitude or intellectual capacity for literary expression. Nothing is, indeed, more painful than to witness such results of endeavors to "overcome" inherent difficulties, or of mistaken direction; and beauty has, in fact, been defined by Benedetto Croce as "successful expression," whereas the ugly is "that in which expressive activity and passion are discovered together in an unfinished struggle."

The "difficulty" is always, of course, to distinguish between difficulties which are inherent and those which are superfluous or interposed, those which may be conquered and those which cannot, and perhaps this can only be determined by trial. Even some of those which can be surmounted it is not always best to surmount, because there may be something which meanwhile we might be doing much better. Unfortunately, perhaps, everything seems difficult before it has been begun, even that which we afterwards find easy, in much the same way as an Alp upon the horizon seems inaccessible. In fact, it may be said that nothing that is worth doing at all, or can be done, is really in itself difficult; it only seems difficult because it has not been begun. This is the meaning of the saw, "Begun is half done," and of "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." A study, for instance, is usually supposed to become more difficult as the student progresses, but if the progress is on right lines the precise opposite is the case. Thus the difficulty of a thing is greatest at its beginning, and diminishes to its end in spite of the student's progress into more and more advanced stages of his subject, and when it is mastered the difficulty disappears. For the student's difficulty lies in his fear and superstition, not in his knowledge; and, indeed, the educated mind is much more positively manifested in its emancipation from ignorance and fear than in its knowledge, which, at its greatest, is small. Anyone who remembers as a child how musical scores, algebraical symbols, or strange instruments and appliances appeared to him, will easily understand this. To the unsophisticated intelligence, all that is unfamiliar seems alike difficult and beyond its understanding, the simple no less than the more abstruse and complex. And, it may be continued, if the "difficulty" persists even after the work has been begun, it is either because it is beyond the student's capacities, or because it has been approached by some improper, unreasonable, and wrong method; because, perhaps, the teacher does not begin at the beginning, or the student does not keep in view the end. And this last item is important because the end, if it is a sufficient end, will often provide means, and minimize the expense and process of labor. Much difficulty arises from the fact that the end or final purpose of a study or work has been forgotten, with the result that the student, naturally enough, flags. Everything is "difficult" if it has not a sufficient end—even the lightest task. Without it, study, which should be a pleasure, becomes a meaningless and interminable drudgery.

The same rule holds good throughout the experience of life. That which is superlatively best for us is easiest if we can find it, although to others our task appears laborious or impossible. To others it may very well seem difficult, and may have once appeared so to ourselves. Now in the synoptic view, we know that it was chiefly our

ignorance and inexperience which made it seem so. The rule is that we ought always to seek to avoid difficulty, for difficulty is not itself an end or positive good. There is certainly some advantage to be gained as discipline in the overcoming of obstacles, but we shall find enough opportunities for exercises of this kind in avoiding those superfluous obstacles which are always interposed by accident, by folly, or by the uncharitable and envious designs of others, even when we are following Nature's plan or pursuing what is properly our own, and best for us. Consequently, it ought to be our object always, like Nature's own, to choose the easiest way of doing anything which we feel we must do, and to avoid as far as possible what is difficult or, in other words, to follow within the limit of reason and experience the line of least resistance. This is only the law of all economy. Too many men set a value upon things simply because they seem difficult of attainment, and set no value at all upon that which lies within their reach, although it would often be better for them. They mistake the means for the end.

The Nation.

This is no doubt the meaning of the paintings by the Post-Impressionists, which, perhaps, should not be regarded at present as pictures so much as experiments or first efforts in new or old principles represented crudely in paint. Art, these men assert, has become too *difficult*, too overloaded with superfluous detail and impedimenta, from which state it is only possible to emancipate it by going back and beginning at the beginning. If the result seems bizarre and absurd, this may be partly because the public are not yet accustomed to the abrupt transformation from the complex to the primitive, or possibly because the painters are not themselves sufficiently unsophisticated. Art, it may be concluded, should never be difficult to the artist, in the already defined sense of difficult. Beauty and ease are synonymous. The artist's only real difficulty is not to *overcome* so much as legitimately to avoid or escape difficulty, and to escape it not by shirking his work, but by doing it in the best and easiest way. One must not, perhaps, say that "the easiest is best," but instead that the best is easiest, and that the difficulty is to find the best.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Amos R. Wells's "Reaching Up and Out" (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.) contains seven terse and effective preachments urging upon young people the duty of reaching as high as possible and as far out as possible, in their conduct and influence. The readers for whom it is especially intended will find it stimulating and encouraging, and so, for that matter, will older readers as well.

Dr. Oliver Huckel, who has already retold in limpid and musical English verse eight of Wagner's music dramas adds this year a ninth, in some particulars the strongest of all, the love story of "Tristan and Isolde." It is an exquisite bit of work, and puts this drama in the hands of English readers with the least possible loss from the beauty of the original. The book is daintily printed by the Merrymount Press and is illustrated with six full-page plates. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., who publish it, have added a pocket edition of Dr. Hale's "The Man Without a Country" with half a dozen other stories to their Handy Volume Classics.

The brain of Poe's logical Parisian detective and the body of the American woodsman make a combination of which extraordinary success might be expected, even when matched against the real Indian, the shameless robber of the honest trapper, and the miscreant who make the railways their accomplice. These are a few of the successes granted by Mr. Hesketh Prichard to the personage from whom his "November Joe" takes its name. Through fifteen of its sixteen chapters he watches, and spies, and lies in ambush, and triumphantly runs down his villainous quarry, and then, instead of closing the record, fairy-tale fashion, Mr. Prichard leaves it a problem to be settled at his own discretion. Can one ask anything better than to be the arbiter of a hero's fate, especially one who, unlettered as he is, is a match for Sir Conan Doyle's famous hunter of criminals? Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Calm Yourself" is the terse and suggestive title of a little book in which Dr. George Lincoln Walton admonishes the men and women of this generation to abjure needless worry and to face strenuous modern conditions with good courage and a cheerful temper. Originally he called the lecture contained in this book "How to Cultivate Emotional Poise in a Strenuous Age." Wise counsel led him to substitute the more pungent title; but the original phrase may serve very well as an exposition of his intention. Good sense and good humor mark every page. The little book may be read through in ten minutes; but any one wise enough to follow its counsels completely may easily add ten years to his life. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Jacob Leisler," a play in four acts by W. O. Bates, is dedicated to the Society of Colonial Wars. It deals with the events leading up to the election of the first governor in the American Colonies chosen by the people and with its tragic outcome. There is an introduction by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer commending its historical accuracy, and several further confirmatory and explanatory notes have been added at the end of the book. The dialogue has been placed on stilts to give it a seventeenth century flavor, and the characters are seldom permitted to reveal any more individuality than there is historical evidence for. The result is a book which as history would have been more interesting in some other form and which as literature lacks the breath of life. It should be added in justice to Mr. Bates that it would probably be more successful on the stage. Mitchell Kennerly.

Dr. Charles D. Musgrove's "Nervous Breakdowns and How to Avoid Them" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is intended for the average man or woman, who has only vague and general ideas about food, recreation, bathing and sleep and who consults a physician, usually, only under the compulsion of dire necessity. It aims, by wise and practical counsel, to avert those breakdowns which are most depressing in their immediate consequences and most difficult of treatment. Its purpose is prevention rather than cure. Its directions as to what one should eat and when, the value and the peril of baths, the best forms of exercise, the importance of ventilation and how one may best woo sleep when it has become difficult and elusive are simple, practical and easily understood. If its advice were generally followed, there would be fewer people comparing symptoms with each other in hotel parlors and other public places.

President Frank L. McVey of the University of North Dakota is the au-

thor of a compact and practical book on "The Making of a Town" which A. C. McClurg & Co. publish. He uses the term in a broad sense and includes provisions for health, schools, recreation, morals, the development of business, the advantages of advertising, etc., as well as the mere physical details of street planning and building. Some of his suggestions apply primarily to the newer sections of the country, where towns are still in the first stages of making or exist only on paper; but there is such a thing as the remarking, or at least the radical improvement, of a town already made and President McVey's book may easily be of use in those directions. The author is no theorist. He cherishes no impossible ideals; but his book is the fruit of large observation and practical experience. Every page of it is freighted with good sense and wise suggestion.

Mr. Coningsby Dawson's "The Garden without Walls" is his first attempt to prove the correctness of the theories upon which he has for many years based his judgments of the books submitted to him as the literary critic of an English magazine, and of the manuscripts offered to an English publishing house. If the writers to whom he has refused the glory of print, and the other writers whom he has made wish that they never had found it, could decide the fate of his maiden book what would be their verdict? The "Garden" is the soul of the hero, and its history is divided into four parts: "The Walled in Garden," "The Pulling Down of the Walls," "The Garden without Walls," and "The Fruit of the Garden." It begins with the moment when the hero conceives that his soul was born, and leaves him absolutely alone, and deserving no mate, inasmuch as he has wasted every opportunity for well-doing, and used every chance for evil action that has come in his way, and thus it teaches a salutary lesson, yet is always sternly artistic. The hero turns aside from the honest women whom he might have married; and the woman who is not honest, and whom he has treated accordingly, deliberately leaves him to think about her for the rest of his days after filling him with intense desire. The art of the book is perfect, and so is the morality to those with sufficient knowledge of life and sufficient mastery of logic to judge it. Those who desire smooth sayings and a "nice ending" must read something else. Henry Holt & Co.

"National Supremacy," by Edward S. Corwin, of the Department of Politics in Princeton University, is a study of the conflicts between State rights and the treaty-making power of the National Government. Mr. Corwin investigates the extent of the power originally granted by the States to the Federal Government, the later development of the doctrine of inalienable State rights, the decisions of the Supreme Court in contested cases, the past practice in treaty-making and in the passing of legislation necessary for the enforcement of treaties, and the canons of international law dealing with the treaty-making power of nations, and finally reaches the conclusion that, though the treaty power of the United States is undoubtedly constitutionally unrestricted by the police power of the States, there are enough checks, of widely varied sorts, that become operative in practice to give the States full protection. The book is based entirely on the original sources. Though scholarly and technical in style, the growing intricacy of our international relations should make it interesting to a considerable portion of the general public. Henry Holt & Co.